"TRIED OUT OF COURT" AND "HIS SHATTERED SAINTLINESS" IN THIS NUMBER

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Elmer J. Frost 28Sept18
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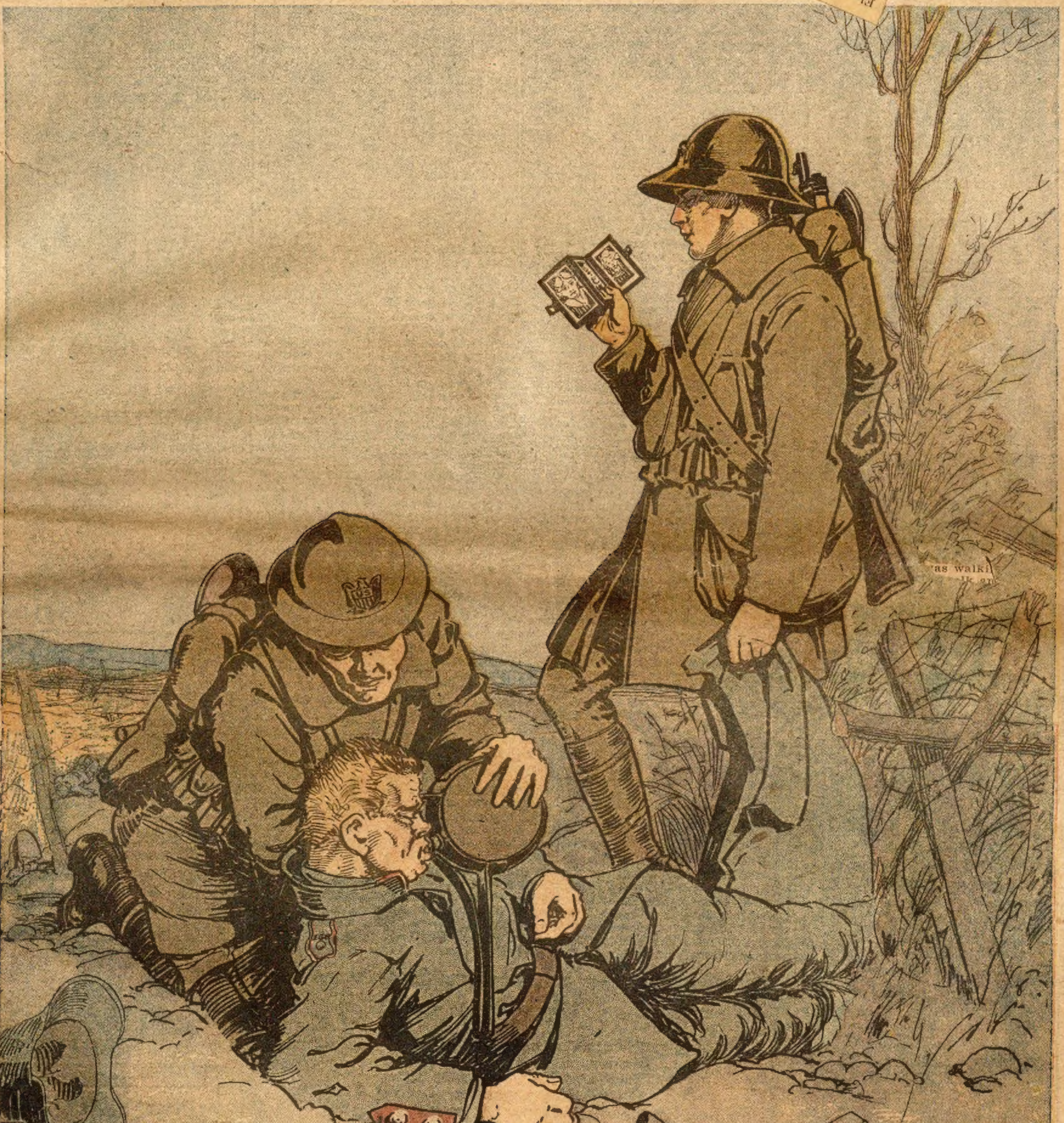
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From the Editor to You

Being a Little Heart-to-Heart Talk About the Ledger With Its Readers.

YOU who read the Ledger each week are beginning to send in your post-cards telling the editor what you like and don't like about the paper. To date not enough of you have replied to our request for your opinions to afford a good basis for deciding the things that hereafter will appear in the Ledger. Indications, however, are that most of you seem to want more matter with a war angle. We thought so before you wrote and as a result we already had made plans to supply you with it. We are going to try to give you at least one war story every week, provided it is a good story and worth reading.

THAT page on "The Men Who Have Come Back" will be ready for you soon. We wanted to get some photographs first, photographs showing some of these things about which those returned soldiers are going to tell you. We have them now and we will print those stories of the men who have come back in an issue in the near future. We also have been able to purchase some really remarkable true stories of incidents that have happened "over there." The full story of this war with all its angles and incidents never will be told completely, but now and then some fellow who knows how to tell a story gets hold of something that is mighty interesting and we are going to serve such stories up to you as often as we can.

SEVERAL readers who have written to us have asked us if we wouldn't please put back on the comic pages the puzzles which we ran for several weeks. We are willing to do so and will start the puzzles again soon, but it will be impossible for us to ask readers to send in solutions or to offer prizes for them. We will publish the answers the week after the puzzles appear so that you who have worked them out will know whether you were right or not, but we must ask you not to send your answers in to us.

NOW a word about the issue which is coming next week. The best thing in store for you, in our opinion, is the first installment of a new serial story. It is called "Miss Sherlock Takes a Hand." Hilda Hurst is a woman detective, keen and clever, and she has a knack of unraveling the most fascinating mysteries. It is a hard nut to crack which she undertakes in "Miss Sherlock Takes a Hand," a story of the sinister doings involved in the murder of a very rich man. The police were baffled, but Hilda Hurst was not. One little thing she knew and that little thing led her into adventures galore and ultimately to the solution of the Henderson mystery. It is our guess that you will like Hilda Hurst and her crime solving.

THEN we have another generous installment of "Breaking the Iron Ring," the splendid serial of politics and a crooked gang and a young man who set out to smash the bosses and win the daughter of one of them in the bargain. In the number of the Ledger you now have you will read the first half of "The Ruby Eyes of Death" and we know you will want to finish it up and discover just what was the outcome of the mysterious threats against the millionaire who let nothing stand in his way. The next number also will contain the concluding installment of "The Feud of the Schools," the clever story of college life and rivalry which seems to have delighted some of our younger readers above everything we have run this year. "On Black Hawk's Trail" will also be represented by a big portion which will bring the story near its close.

PARTICULARLY we want you to read "A Moving Picture Tragedy," the snappy short story which starts off the next number of the Ledger. Other short stories which we assure you are good also will be featured. Taken all in all, the next issue of the Ledger is the biggest nickel's worth you ever had and we will have to go some to surpass it in future numbers.

MOST of you who have been reading the Ledger for some time no doubt are acquainted with its companion paper, The Saturday Blade, America's greatest weekly newspaper, a snappy sixteen page publication which brings to you each week all the news worth while, stories of strange and unusual things, photographs direct from the war zone and from all nooks and corners of the world, and numerous illustrations in colors. For years the Blade has been alone in its field and today is more popular than ever. Particularly we want to call attention to the departments which feature it. There is the camp page in which stories and scenes from the Army and Navy training camps appear. The sport page carries all the latest sports gossip and keeps you in touch with all the events worth while. The editorial page carries not only the "Talks" by W. D. Boyce, publisher of the Blade and Ledger, but cartoons and comments on subjects in the public eye. The freak page, in which stories and pictures of unusual things are featured, long has been a favorite department. One page is devoted to nothing but making you laugh, with its comics, jokes and clever humor. Then there is the photograph page, with pictures that tell far more than columns of reading matter. The series on the Indians of Yesterday and Today is one of the most popular the Blade ever has run and it is illustrated with photographs in colors, photographs printed here for the first time.

NOW then, having called your attention to both the Blade and the Ledger, we want to tell you how you can save money and read both of them every week. For $1.50 you can have a year's subscription to either paper or six months to both and in addition you can have your choice of 14 packets of garden seed or an equal quantity of flower seed, or an embroidery top and the needles and silk with which to finish it. For $2.25 you can have a year's subscription to each of the papers and any two of the premiums mentioned above. If you want the papers delivered promptly each week, subscribing will assure you of not missing out on a single issue.

WHICH?

If I should tell you that the skies
Are no whit bluer than your eyes,
Or whisper that the moonlight's beam
Is pale beside your fair hair's gleam;
If I should say your every word
Rang sweeter than the notes one heard
When angels sing, and that your lips
Shamed honey that the wild bee sips
From out the clover's petaled cup—
Would you incline to give me up,
Afraid that, love-wise, I was mad?
Or would you make my lone heart glad
By judging each comparison
As one more love stunt, bravely done?

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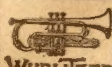

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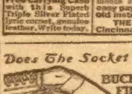

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TRIED OUT OF COURT

By Charles U. Becker

How great are the powers of a guilty conscience no man can say. It will drive men to do strange things. Here you have an unusual story along that line.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

STANLEY HAWORTH leaned back in his luxurious revolving chair and curiously unfolded a copy of the Shadowville Sun, which had come with the morning's mail and had been laid aside until he had attended to urgent letters to his clients.

"Uhm!" he muttered to himself. "Why should a copy of this rag be mailed to us?"

Then he turned a page, and when his eye rested upon a column story which was marked with a blue pencil, he gave a violent start and gripped the paper tensely.

"Oh, Miss Thompson!" he called sharply to his stenographer. "Fetch Mr. Drew, quick!"

While he intently conned the story, uttering little grunts of surprise, the girl glided noiselessly across the heavily carpeted floor and disappeared thru a side door, and presently a short, fat, bald-headed man waddled into the room.

"What's uncoupled now?" he demanded in a jocular tone.

"George," said Haworth, resting a finger where he had stopped reading and looking up, "you remember a cadaverous-looking, socket-eyed runt styling himself Dr. Oliver Jessup, don't you?"

"Gee!" exclaimed Drew, with an impatient gesture. "What's the use of prolonging the agony? Break the news gently while I lean on this chair."

"Well, he's dead."

"Dead!" barked Drew. "Then, believe me, that lets us out of a tight place. I was afraid he was going home to raise more funds for an appeal of his case."

Haworth, unable longer to restrain his joy, laughed immoderately and suggested, "A telegram that we're in favor of the funeral is in order."

"Maybe we'd better verify our death hunch before we do anything rash," cautioned Drew.

"Oh, it's our Jessup all right! The passenger train on which he was going home went into the ditch at Beaufort. Among the dead identified was this Jessup party, and the body was sent to Shadowville for burial. This paper says he was returning from New Haven, where he'd been engaged in an unsuccessful suit to recover the patent rights for a wall-paper applying machine, which he'd invented, and which was stolen from him by the lawyers into whose hands he'd intrusted the filing of his claim."

"Good gracious! The editor of that paper doesn't seem to be a bit backward about saying what he thinks of us."

"We've got a corking good libel case against him, if he was worth suing, which the general appearance of his paper indicates he is not."

"I'll bet he mailed that copy as a gentle hint that he could say a lot more unless we come across with hush money."

"Well, perhaps it would be good business policy to run our card in his paper, for where there's one inventive sucker there's usually more."

"No, never!" cried Drew, waving his hands in protest. "Not if it brings us the Jessup kind. If he's left any inventive chums in Shadowville, I vote in favor of letting them eke out their existence undiscovered. I know when I've had enough."

"Very well; but, George, there's a valuable lesson to be learned from this affair. We've got to be more careful in the future, and not file any more claims in the name of our relatives when good things blow our way. Eternal precaution is the price of success and peace, and of late we've been getting a little incautious."

"It wouldn't happen again in a thousand cases, an inventor having enough money to come here and start a racket like Jessup's."

"But once is a plenty, thank you," replied Haworth. "Just a little more oil for the machinery and they would have slipped the rollers under us, and we would have lost forty-eight thousand three hundred, which I find, after deducting litigation expenses, is what the patent yields us."

"I wonder if he left a family," mused Drew.

"The paper doesn't say, and I'm not going to spend any money finding out, you bet," snapped Haworth. "What!" he added, giving his companion a penetrating look. "I hope you're not developing a morbid curiosity?"

"Well—er—certainly not, but——"

"Bosh! The storm is over, and let's not spoil our feast on the juicy prize by strolling off on a still-hunt for trouble. To be sure, we're right; a court has said so, and no one but a higher judge has a right to question our verdict, and then only when it is brought to his attention in a legal manner."

"But I thought," protested Drew, "that, since we're safe, we ought to make a slight offering to the goddess of good fortune by seeing that he was decently planted. There are ways of doing that without the plebeian populace of Shadowville finding it out and gossiping about it."

"Oh!" groaned Haworth. "Votive offerings to the gods and goddesses! In this scientific age? Never! Let me set you right. Luck is grabbing what you want when it comes prancing along, and then having the brains to cling to it afterward. This man had an idea which we wanted, and we took it. Then along he comes and stirs up enough trouble to make us hate him, and still you want to officiate at his funeral."

"Well, it would be a satisfaction to know that he was securely stowed away," Drew insisted.

"Oh, he will be, never worry! If he left relatives and heirs, the railroad which killed him will be glad to give him a nice funeral, hoping thereby to mitigate their craving for damages. If he left no family, giving the road a chance to shirk this duty, why, his county will look after his funeral."

Then, glancing at his watch, Haworth jumped up and closed his desk with a bang, adding: "I've got to hop out of here, or I'll miss the train for Buffalo, where I'm booked for a speech at the Bar Association banquet tonight on giving more power to our courts and more privileges to the lawyers. Perhaps you'd better take this newspaper over to Jessup's lawyer, effacing any hopes he might be fostering of his client returning with more money to renew the fight against us."

He hurried out, and when he returned, two days later, he was astonished to find the office door bolted from the inside, at 11 o'clock in the morning! Knocking sharply, a voice inside pleaded: "Go away. I tell you that Haworth, the man you want to see, is out of town."

"I'm Haworth," he shouted savagely. "Open this door, or I'll break it down!"

"No, no!" cried the voice. "I tell you he's gone!"

Throwing his shoulder against the door, Haworth snapped the lock, and, striding in, beheld Drew huddled in a far corner, shaking with fear. His clothes, usually in neat condition, were in disorder, showing neglect, and his eyes were sunken and had a haunted look. On the table rested a half-filled whisky bottle with a glass at its side.

Drew, recognizing his partner, sprang forward and attempted to embrace him, crying, "What made you stay away so long?"

"Are you crazy?" snarled Haworth, shoving him aside. "I've been gone only two days—the usual time it takes."

"It wouldn't let me rest," whimpered Drew, "and it's seemed an age since you left."

"Pooh!" snorted Haworth. "I suppose by it you mean Jessup?"

"Yes. Have you seen it?"

"I've seen Jessup."

"Where?" looking furtively about him and pressing still nearer his partner.

"Sit down," commanded Haworth, pushing him into a chair, "and listen to me."

Drew yielded without protest, reaching for the flask and taking a drink, and Haworth proceeded: "As our train was slowing down at the suburb of Brookfield this morning, Jessup came thru the car, stopped a moment beside my chair to stare and catch my attention, and then moved on before I could think of anything to say. I raised the window and looked out, but did not see him get off. While we were running in from Brookfield, I sought thru the train without finding him. He must have got off."

"Stanley, I've been down into the jaws of hell, and I'm all in," declared Drew, attempting to take another drink, but his partner moved the bottle out of his reach, saying, significantly, "I want to get your experience first."

"Well," submitted Drew, "when I came out of Hackett's office from delivering that copy of the Shadowville Sun, an hour or so after your departure for Buffalo, I found Jessup standing near the curb in front of the building. He stared at me, and I ran back to call Hackett, for I wanted to be sure whether I was seeing right; but when we came out, he was gone."

"Wanted to see his lawyer," suggested Haworth, "and, finding you there, was waiting for you to leave."

"No, sir," protested Drew. "That night I caught sight of him again as I was leaving the Merchants' Club where I'd dined. He was walking rapidly along the sidewalk and looking back at me over his shoulder. I leaped down the steps and followed, bent on determining whether he was ghost or man, but the theaters had just let out a big crowd, and I lost him."

"Well," said Haworth, when Drew stopped, "it looks like we're in for another legal scrap. Jessup's raised the needed cash to carry the case up. We ought to sue the Shadowville Sun for damages for deceiving us."

"We're in for trouble, all right," assented Drew, "but not the kind you're looking for. Stanley, the real Jessup is dead—the staring, speechless, elusive thing we're seeing is his ghost."

"Nonsense! I haven't lost my mind yet. The man I saw this morning was Jessup, and he was alive. True, I didn't see him leave the train, and I could not find him in the cars later, but I'm certain he didn't vanish in thin air."

"Listen to the evidence against your contention. Hackett, when I went to his office with the newspaper, had just received a letter from a Shadowville banker, who'd been appointed administrator of the Jessup estate, and one from Mrs. Jessup's lawyer, giving the details of the death of Jessup and asking for a statement of the status of the patent right suit."

"Forgeries," scoffed Haworth.

"They are nothing of the sort," declared Drew, warmly, "as I've taken the pains to ascertain."

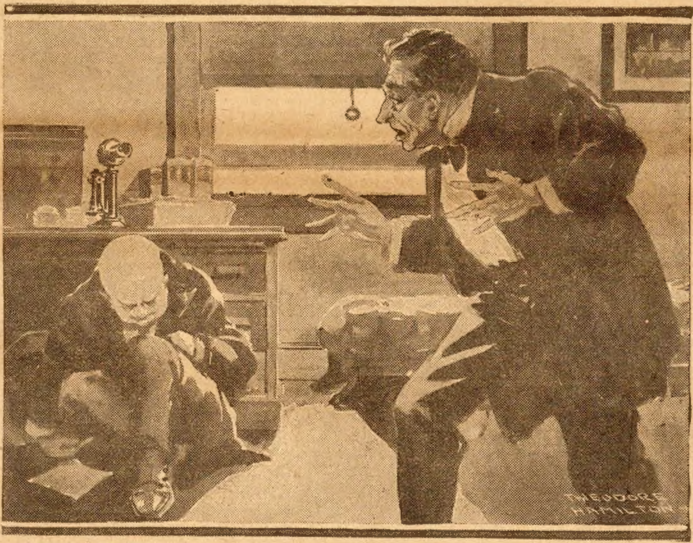
"Against your evidence I have a pair of eyes that have never yet deceived me. Why, I'd bet that by now Hackett has received a visit from Jessup."

"If he has, he's kept it to himself, and with the letters and newspapers in evidence, it would have sounded foolish for me to have asked him if he had seen Jessup."

"Well, it's a good thing you didn't convey your ghost suspicions to Hackett. It'd be too good to keep—that the spirits of our departed victims have succeeded in getting in touch with our consciences."

"I'm in favor of a visit to Shadowville for a searching inquiry into this perplexing matter."

"Then it's up to you to go," asserted Haworth, "for I've got a case on the



He Started Back the Next Instant With an Exclamation of Terror.

circuit court docket which must be tried this week."

"Both of us ought to go," insisted Drew, who craved company. "Then if it's Jessup's ghost we're seeing, it will likely follow, there being nothing to detain it here; but if Jessup is alive, he'll not dare show himself in Shadowville for the pleasure of annoying us, and, besides the other information we'll gather, that'll be a pretty good test as to whether he's alive or dead."

Not being able to get the case continued, Drew was forced to undertake the trip alone, and he left that night, Haworth, however, keeping him company during the day and escorting him to the depot. At the end of a week he was back with convincing proof that the man they had swindled out of a patent right was dead. Nowhere had he been able to unearth a doubt that Jessup was killed in the railway wreck.

"And he left a family of five small children," supplemented Drew, "and his life was insured for only a small sum."

"Never mind that," objected Haworth; "they'll get damages from the railroad."

"A dead man is worth only five thousand dollars in that State, and when the railroad company gets thru appealing the case and her lawyer and the court fees are paid, there'll be, as you well know, darned little left for the widow and the children."

"But that doesn't concern us so much as how to get rid of the Doctor's double, as that seems to be what is now chasing us. I've seen him no less than three times since you've been gone, but he managed to elude me on each occasion. I know he occupies space, therefore lives, because the last time he showed himself, in getting away, he jostled a man from the sidewalk."

"Perhaps the man was drunk, and he happened to stagger from the walk just as the ghost went by."

"Oh, I say, George, that's spinning it out entirely too fine!"

"Anyway," persisted Drew, "I don't believe in your double theory. It hasn't a sound leg to stand on. I'll grant that every man has his double somewhere in the world, but they're not usually next door neighbors. Can't you see that your theoretical double has gone to pestering us too soon after the Doctor was laid away? I dare say Jessup did not expect to get killed when he started home, and it's unreasonable to suppose that he corresponded with his double, even if he knew where he was, asking him to torment us in case he met with a mortal accident."

"I see there's no arguing you out of the ghost theory."

"No, because there's nothing else on which to lean."

"For the present I'm going to rest my faith on the double idea, and shortly I expect we'll get a communication by mail from this elusive gentleman, asking for a dignified sum to induce him to go away and stay gone."

"I'll believe so when I see the proposition. Meanwhile I'm going to get ready for the disaster hovering over us, by closing up my business affairs."

"Help yourself, while I employ a gumshoed sleuth to run down this pestiferous cuss whose antics fill you with such terror that you throw a fit before every shadow."

"Keep your sarcastic insinuations to yourself, Stanley," warned Drew, glaring at him. "I can manage to get along without them. The time will come when this thing will get you by the throat, only I won't be around to see what sort of shines you cut."

"Thinking of making a break for the tall timber, eh?" sneered Haworth.

"Let me tell you something," said Drew, impulsively; "you think by putting on a bold front and galloping ruthlessly thru life that you'll reach the end without experiencing any of the penalties attending wrongdoing—that's your religion; it was mine. You're going to wake up some morning soon—the turn's in the road right ahead."

"Aw, cut out the preaching!" snarled Haworth, and Drew, with a shrug of his shoulders, walked away.

Haworth, smarting under what his partner had said and the exasperating predicament they were in, at once got busy. He was too cautious a man to lay the matter before the police, more avenues being open there for the newspapers to get hold of the story and damage his standing as a lawyer, and so he engaged a detective agency to bag Jessup.

But the blackmail letter he predicted did not come, and the detectives proved to be valueless, the man or wraith they were after seeming to know it the moment they were put on the case and displaying great cunning in showing himself to Haworth when they were not about. His discouraging progress at a solution of the matter was carefully concealed from Drew, who, neglecting his practice, was already drinking to excess. While both, when business called them together, studiously refrained from saying anything about Jessup, it was evident to Haworth's trained legal mind that Drew was being persistently hounded.

One night while Haworth was at the office struggling to take care of the extra work forced upon him by the remissness of his partner, there was a startling clatter on the stairway leading up from the street, and Drew, looking back over his shoulder, his face distorted with terror, lurched into the room. When he strove to close and bolt the door, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

"Stanley!" he cried, crawling on his hands and knees. "Quick! Help lock the door! It's coming up!"

Snatching up a pistol from his desk, Haworth jerked open the door and plunged down the stairway to the sidewalk, but, with the exception of a few night venders of lunches and some passing vans, the street was deserted. He went back to the office convinced that what Drew had seen was a specter produced by too much alcoholic stimulant.

Drew, trembling with fear and panting for breath, was leaning on a chair in a listening attitude.

"See it?" he demanded in a whisper.

"Of course not!" snapped Haworth, going back to his desk. "There was nothing to see."

"Perhaps you'd like to insinuate that I'm drunk? Yes—no. See!" And he pulled himself together and took a few steps along a seam in the carpet. Then he stepped back to Haworth's desk, adding: "Well, I was, but I'm sober now—sober enough to know a ghost when I meet one, and that's more than you seem able to do."

"Presently you'll see worse things than ghosts if you don't cut out the booze game suddenly."

Drew laughed as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"You're sore because you can't catch the ghost," he accused. "You haven't fooled me with your silence on the subject. You've seen it in spite of your bodyguard of detectives."

"If I have, that doesn't prove your ghost theory," defended Haworth.

"They couldn't catch it, eh?" and Drew's troubled features puckered into a grin. "I expected that much. I can tell you why: Its cunning is too fine for a living man to cope with, and it's had lots of chances to speak, but not a sound has escaped its grim lips. Still, under these circumstances, it couldn't be a ghost. Oh, no!"

"Please don't worry, George. It'll speak at the proper time."

"Well, sir, I thought it was going to do that tonight," Drew confessed, taking a seat. "When I came out of Hellery's saloon, I happened to glance down the street and saw it. I thought I'd slip away home unobserved, as it appeared not to be looking in my direction when I stepped out, but the moment I started, it followed. Then I tried to outwalk it, but it quickened its pace, also. I couldn't run across a cab anywhere, and I didn't dare wait for a street car, lest it might catch up. Presently I found myself in the neighborhood of the office. The light convinced me that you were here at work, and I made a dash for safety. When I had reached the door, the ghost, standing on the sidewalk, peered up the stairway, as tho undecided whether to follow."

"Tush! If anything had been there, I'd have been able to see it getting away."

"If it had been a live man, yes, but as it wasn't, it eluded your observation. Stanley, my supply of nerve is gone, and I'm not going to make another try at reaching home tonight. I'll sleep on the couch in my office, if the ghost lets me alone."

"Don't worry; it will, if you lock the door before turning in, which I fancy you'll not neglect to do." Haworth rose and put on his coat and hat, adding: "I came here expecting to do a lot of work this evening, but your infernal ghost interruption has destroyed my relish for it. So I'm going home. Good night."

He went out, slamming the door, and more than once, while on the way home, he thought he caught sight of a man dodging around corners and into dark alleys, but he could never get close enough to determine whether the man bore any resemblance to Dr. Jessup.

It was a wretched night for him, his rest being constantly disturbed by a procession of ghostly dreams thru which Drew passed and repassed, appealing frantically for aid, and, to escape these, he rose and went down to the office early, and was in no humor to find the front door wide open and the lights in his room still burning. He strode into his partner's room, intending to give him a severe reprimand.

Here another surprise confronted him: The room was shrouded in darkness, all the window shades having been drawn down and securely fastened, and he had to hoist one before he could distinguish objects. Drew, still dressed, was huddled in a cramped position on the floor.

"George!" he called sharply.

Receiving no answer, he stepped over and shook him, starting back the next instant with an exclamation of terror.

Drew was dead—had, in fact, been dead several hours, for his body was cold and rigid.

Casting a frightened look about the room, Haworth sprang and closed the door, which he had left ajar. Then, approaching the body again, he noticed a letter lying on the floor. It was addressed to him, and when, with shaking fingers, he tore it open and glanced at the contents, the ruddiness left his face and great beads of cold perspiration popped out on his forehead, for this was what it said:

> Dear Stanley: It has been with me all night, and I cannot stand the strain any longer. There was no escape, and neither is there for—well, you do not believe in such things yet, but you will some day. My will and other valuable papers are in my safe deposit box with the Fidelity Trust Company. You are not named as administrator, and you will understand why when you learn that I have bequeathed the bulk of my property to Mrs Oliver Jessup of Shadowville, and I want to make sure that she will get it. I have written a brief note to the coroner which you will find in my desk, giving directions for my funeral and explaining that I drank poison because I was tired of life, and that will be all the public need know. GEORGE DREW.

Haworth, his teeth chattering, staggered to a chair, and leaned on it, staring with unseeing eyes at the body huddled on the floor.

Presently the door opened, and Miss Thompson, the stenographer, having just come down, looked in. The gloom of the room, his unexpected presence and haggard looks combined to alarm her, and she withdrew, screaming. He hastened out after her, calling, reassuringly, "Oh, Miss Thompson! Stop! It's me—Haworth!"

She paused with her hand on the knob of the street door, looking back, and he approached, whispering hoarsely: "Mr. Drew is dead. In there," jerking a quivering hand back over his shoulder.

She recoiled from him in horror, and he cried, "No, no! Suicide! Poison!" Then he pleaded: "You telephone to the coroner and the police, won't you? I'm all shot to pieces."

After Drew's body had been taken away and the police had completed their investigation, Haworth's next move indicated how greatly he was alarmed over the fate of his partner and what it implied might be lurking ready to strike him a fatal blow at the first unguarded moment.

Leaving Miss Thompson in charge of the office, with instructions to inform callers that he was taking an indefinite rest and would consider no business matters, he went directly to his bachelor home and had the windows of his bedroom, which was on the second floor, front, screened with a network of strong steel bars. Then he stationed a man at the back and one at the front door, with orders to let no one in he had not summoned or sent out on an errand, and his friends, calling to inquire after his health, were turned away as tho they were strangers.

A large gun cabinet, stocked with shotguns, revolvers and rifles, which stood in the library, was moved to his room and placed within easy reach of the head of his bed, and some of the weapons were distributed about the room to be used in the event of his being cut off from the cabinet.

Thus fortified, he rarely left the room, having his meals sent up, and spending the days restlessly moving from one barred window to the other, peering intently at the people passing in the street below. And at night the window shades were carefully lowered and secured, and the lights were never turned out.

What little rest he got he took with his clothes on, sitting in a chair placed near the gun cabinet. Usually, with a rifle slung over his shoulder, he paced the floor all night, staring into space in a listening attitude and starting violently at every sound in the house and its immediate neighborhood.

Under this strenuous vigil, he aged rapidly, his square shoulders drooping, his voice changing to a querulous tone, and his eyes acquiring a far-seeing, haunted look. In less than a month he was too weak to walk, was forced to take to his bed, and had reluctantly allowed a servant to call Dr. Gridley. While awaiting the Doctor's arrival, he fell into a troubled sleep, from which he was aroused by the sound of the door being opened and closed.

"Get out!" he screeched, rearing up in bed on his elbows. "You!—you—you——"

He stopped abruptly, remembering the gun cabinet, and, resting his weight on his left elbow, slyly thrust his right hand toward an ugly-looking revolver. But before he had covered half the distance to the coveted weapon, the gaunt little man, who had entered carrying a surgeon's case and who was watching him with the piercing intentness of a hawk, slipped an automatic from his coat pocket and covered him, saying, quietly but firmly, "Get back to bed."

The lawyer shrank back among the pillows, breathing hard, his eyes bulging from their sockets, and the little man went on calmly: "I know what you're thinking about—that I'm not Dr. Gridley. Quite true. I've come in his place, but there's no need of delving into my identity."

"You're Jessup," raged Haworth, "and you've sneaked in here like a cur, which is the breed to which you belong!"

The visitor was not in the least disturbed by the insult. He placed his medicine case on the table near the bed, saying, "Well, if it's going to calm you any, I'll admit it: I was Jessup before I was killed in a railway wreck recently."

"You're a lying humbug!" declared Haworth, fiercely, shaking a clinched fist. "You never were killed, but I'll settle your hash yet!"

"Huh!" sniffed Jessup, drawing a chair to the bed and seating himself. "I see I've got to show you where you're at, as they say out in Missouri, where I came from. Your servants, being unacquainted with him, believe I am Dr. Gridley, and I've issued positive instructions that we're not to be disturbed."

"Oh, those bone-headed, blundering wretches!" wailed Haworth. "I'll can the bunch."

"Never mind, man. Let's get on. We have other and more pressing business before us, is what I'm trying to get you to grasp. When you came home after Drew's death and made such elaborate preparations to guard against my society, I concluded you would soon be needing medical attention. Therefore, my first move was to learn who your regular doctor was, and I went to him and secured employment as general office man. I answered the telephone when your servant called, and Dr. Gridley does not know that you want him."

The disclosure of this carefully laid plan to get at him was a severe shock to Haworth, and his manner changed.

"Go away!" he pleaded. "Your wife gets Drew's property, and that ought to satisfy your morbid craving for revenge."

"Yes, I know."

"You do?" and Haworth, shaking off his momentary touch of fear, glared at Jessup. "Then your wife has been a party to this conspiracy to murder Drew and hound me to the grave," he accused. "You could have learned about the will in no other way, as the newspapers have not yet published what disposition was made of his property."

"Keep your conclusions to yourself until all the evidence is in," warned Jessup. "Mrs. Jessup, poor woman, firmly believes that I am dead. I know about Drew's will, because I was with him the night he killed himself, and he told me. That, you see, places her out of reach of your contaminating suspicions, and there are a few matters I explained to Drew that you ought to know."

The manner of the little man told plainly that he had come to the room to follow a fixed plan and was not going to be led aside, and, suddenly brought to a realization of his helplessness, Haworth's mounting wrath was chilled and he was left an appalled listener.

"I told Drew," proceeded Jessup, "that I reached Beaufort on a train an hour ahead of the one that was wrecked. I went to the morgue when the dead were brought in to see whether any of my friends were among the killed. Great was my surprise when I saw my double in an unknown dead man. I had been robbed by you and Drew, and your title to my property had been verified by one of our courts of justice. My health was shattered, my fortune gone, my credit ruined, and my practice destroyed by devoting my time to inventions, but there was a small insurance policy on my life, and if it was believed that I was dead, my family would have the insurance money and the damages from the railroad to live on, while I would be at liberty to get the justice I could never hope to obtain while it was known that I was alive.

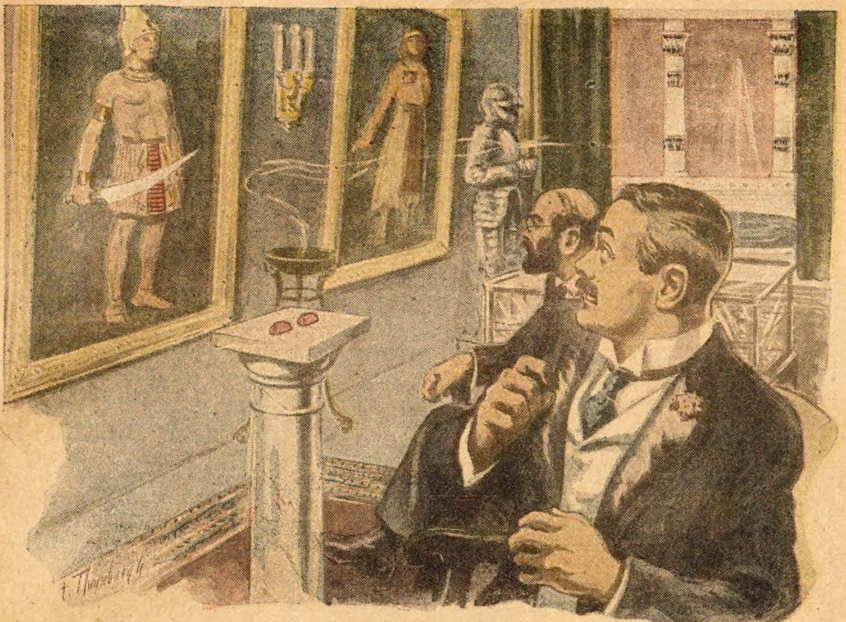
"Well, it was impossible for me to resist the temptation to take advantage of this remarkable opportunity to square accounts with you and Drew, and I slipped a letter I had received from my wife into the dead man's pocket and telephoned the coroner that Dr. Jessup of Shadowville was among the killed. He sent a message to my home folks, and they came to Beaufort and took away the body of my double, giving it burial, convinced beyond doubt that it was mine. I mailed you the paper containing the story of my death, and you know the rest."

"My God!" gasped Haworth, his teeth chattering. "What more do you want?"

"What more?" reproved Jessup. "Man, you've got a lot of gall to ask that. Have you restored your part of the booty? Surely you do not expect Drew's sacrifice to absolve you? The price he paid has been greater than his part in the crime

(Continued on Page 15.)

"Miss Sherlock Takes a Hand," The Story of a Woman Crime Solver, Begins Next Week.



"My God, Did You See That?" He Asked and His Voice Was Tense and Husky.

The Ruby Eyes of Death

By Willard Lincoln

The millionaire was used to having his own way—to riding roughshod over opposition. He paid, and paid dearly, in this story of occult mysticism's power.

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PART I.

HARRISON TRASK was the sort of man to whom the newspapers refer as a captain of industry. And he looked the part.

Tall and broad of shoulder, his chin was square and determined. From an ordinary laborer he had made his way up thru the ranks to the presidency of a gigantic corporation. Ruthlessly he had brushed aside all who stood in the way of his advancement. In a constant series of surprises he had crushed his competitors—and then, when he was in the heyday of his power, he had caused a still greater surprise to the business world by resigning the presidency of the corporation and devoting his great fortune and tremendous energy to the pursuit of a hobby.

And this hobby was as great a surprise to his acquaintances as his business career had been—the collection of death stones.

The collection of these death stones—the jewels which were buried with the lords and ladies, emperors, shahs and pharaohs of ancient peoples—meant the desecration, the robbery of the tombs of the dead.

As an Egyptologist, I was frequently consulted by Trask, sometimes to decipher the inscriptions on stones and pieces of pottery he obtained, sometimes to pass upon the genuineness of the objects he contemplated adding to his collection.

Thus I came to know him rather intimately—and I am free to confess that I did not like him, my dislike being undoubtedly due in large measure to the fact that every addition to his collection meant the robbery of the dead.

As the looting of tombs has always been abhorred by all nations, I had one day ventured to ask Trask if he did not know that there was an Egyptian superstition that a robber of the dead would always come to a violent death.

But Trask had only laughed.

"I don't rob the dead, Bronson," he had replied. "I simply buy what is offered to me—if I like it. It's the other fellow who runs the danger of the 'violent' death, not I."

"Don't be too sure of that," I had retorted, angered by the attitude he took toward this most unholy crime of robbing the dead. "It is your money which causes these abandoned wretches to despoil the tombs and the curse may fall upon you."

"Nonsense!" he had snapped. "This is the twentieth century after Christ, not before—and no one believes in curses today."

Realizing the futility of arguing with the man, I had finished the business with him and had then dismissed him from my mind, until at breakfast, on the day when this story properly begins, my eye was attracted by an item in my newspaper which said that Harrison Trask had just added to his celebrated collection the famous ruby eyes taken from the mummy of Mentuhetep II., one of the early and greatest of the Egyptian pharaohs.

As I read the announcement I shuddered. I had seen the tomb of Mentuhetep at Thebes—and I had also read the cuneiform slab at the head of the sarcophagus, which proclaimed a terrible curse upon the head and family of any one who should desecrate the tomb.

A sense of impending evil fell upon me as I perused the account of Trask's latest acquisition to his collection and I remember that I was not at all surprised when my servant entered the room and announced that Mr. Trask wished to see me at once.

In the light of what I considered his latest crime, all my old aversion to the man asserted itself, and I determined to have nothing more to do with him, convenient as I had always found his generous fees.

"Tell Mr. Trask that I am ill," I said to my servant. "I won't see him. I——"

"Oh, yes, you will, Bronson," said a deep voice, and, turning, I beheld Trask standing in the doorway of the room.

Thoroly angry that the privacy of my home had been so violated, I jumped to my feet.

"By what right do you force your way into my house?" I demanded.

Into Trask's eyes came the look that I suppose must have appeared when he determined upon some coup to crush a business rival, and his chin stuck out aggressively.

"You have something I want," he snapped, "and I'm in the habit of getting what I want." Then his eyes fell upon the item in the newspaper which had so aroused me and he went on. "Ah, you know about the rubies."

"I do," I answered, adding, "and the curse of Mentuhetep is upon you!"

At my words Trask's bravado vanished.

"You, too?" he murmured, and, sinking into a chair, he drew out his handkerchief and wiped away the beads of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead.

So surprised was I by this change in the self-reliant, domineering man I had known, that I was at a loss for something to say, and before I could think of anything suitable, Trask had pulled himself together and was taking some papers from his pocket.

"You simply must help me, Bronson," he declared, drawing a paper from an envelope. "You have been in Egypt, and you know the ways of those beggars. I want your advice—and your assistance, and you can name your own price, when it is over."

And before I could reply Trask thrust the paper he had taken from the envelope into my hand with a curt, "Read that!"

Even then I was determined to stick to my resolve to have nothing more to do with the man, when my eyes fell upon the opening words of the communication.

"Accursed Robber of the Tomb of Mentuhetep II.," I read—and instantly succumbed to my curiosity and continued:

> In the thought that you may be ignorant of the curse of Mentuhetep—that the despoiler of his tomb shall come to a violent death and lose all that is most dear to him—you are given the chance to escape the curse by returning the ruby eyes taken from the mummy of the most noble pharaoh.
>
> Already the wretch who did the actual desecrating of the dead has made partial atonement for his foul crime with his life.
>
> Let his fate be a warning to you.
>
> Pack the rubies in silk and place them in a wooden box addressed to the American Express Company, Cairo, Egypt. Mark it, "To be called for."
>
> Deliver this box to the main office of the American Express Company in Chicago, without delay.
>
> Within six hours from the time the box is delivered in Chicago you will receive back the money you paid for the ruby eyes.
>
> The curse of Mentuhetep is upon you—and if you fail to obey these instructions you will pay for your folly with your life.
>
> MENTUHETEP XIII.

As I finished reading this awesome communication and laid it upon the breakfast table, Trask leaned forward in his chair, betraying his excitement.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he demanded, in a voice which he strove to make light, but that trembled in spite of himself.

"I think that if you wish to enjoy a longer life you should return the rubies without losing any more time," I replied, gravely.

"How do you know that I haven't?" he asked.

"First, because I know you, Trask; and secondly, because if you had, there would be no occasion for your coming to me."

"Right you are!" he exclaimed. "I haven't—and I won't return the eyes! I'm not the man to be scared into giving such priceless treasures up."

"Then why have you come to me?" I asked, my old antipathy for the man returning.

"Because I want your advice," he replied, "and——"

"Which I have given and you have rejected," I interrupted. "That being the case, what more is to be said?"

"This: During my business career, when I set my mind and heart upon a thing, I got it. No obstacle was too great to overcome. No threat turned me from my purpose—and you know whether or not I have succeeded.

"I have brought the same traits to bear in gathering my collection. That it is without peer in the world, you know. It has cost me close on to five million dollars—but I would sacrifice it all for these ruby eyes.

"Am I, Harrison Trask, to be threatened by some no-account Egyptian, who signs himself 'Mentuhetep XIII,' and talks about curses?"

"But what do you want of me?" I broke in.

"Your assistance. Here, read this." And Trask handed me an envelope, bidding me look at its contents.

Drawing out the paper, I read:

> Oh, foolish and proud American, to think that you in your arrogance are a match for the adepts of Thebes, of whom I, Mentuhetep XIII., am the master!
>
> You ignored our first warning—you shall have no other than this.
>
> If the rubies are not delivered at the office mentioned in our first communication within three days from the date at the head of this warning you will not see another sun rise. MENTUHETEP XIII.

Quickly I glanced at the date. It was December 19, 1916.

"Good Heavens, man, today is the twenty-second!" I cried, in horror at the realization that it was the time limit set by the man who called himself an adept of Thebes.

"Exactly," Trask returned. "That's why I have come to you. I want you to help me expose these blackmailing crooks!"

"But what can I do against one of the Theban adepts?" I exclaimed.

"Then you believe this rot about their having some mysterious power?"

"Most certainly I do," I declared. "I have witnessed their power with my own eyes."

"Good. Then, as you know some of their wrinkles, you ought to be able to help counteract them—but, mind you, I don't believe in the twaddle. If you care to, that's up to you. What I want is that you come out to Heart's Delight with me, and use all your power and knowledge to help me and the others to protect my rubies."

Familiar as I am with the marvelous powers of the Egyptian adepts, I realized that Trask was in the gravest danger. And with this realization, I felt that it was my duty to do my utmost to protect him.

"As an Egyptologist, I advise you again to return the jewels," I said, with all the solemnity I could put into the words.

"Which I tell you I will not do," declared Trask, defiantly.

"Then as a man it is my duty to prevent your death—if I can!" I exclaimed. "For this reason, I will go with you—only you must do what I tell you without question."

"All right. You are the doctor, Bronson. I want you—and at your own price. Only, it is understood that neither you, nor I, nor any one else will return the jewels."

"More's the pity!" I exclaimed.

Summoning my man, who had withdrawn when Trask had forced his way to me, I bade him pack my portmanteau, and when he brought it, we left the house and entered Trask's limousine.

As we whirled out to his magnificent estate, which lay along the lake some twenty miles from Chicago, he told me of all that he had done to protect himself and the rubies.

Upon the receipt of the first communication, he had called upon a detective agency to guard his estate both within and without.

When he received the second warning, he had taken the letters to the postoffice authorities, and they had tried to trace them.

At the advice of the chief detective, a dummy box, addressed according to the instructions given in the first communication, had been delivered at the main office of the American Express Company in Chicago and a watch had been set in the office.

"And of course, no one has called for it," I commented.

"What makes you say that?" demanded Trask.

"Because Mentuhetep saw thru the trick."

"Saw thru it?" repeated the collector. "How could he? No one but Bryan, the chief operative, the man he put at watch in the express office and one of the officials from whom I obtained the necessary permission, knew of it.

"I made myself as conspicuous as possible when I took the box to the office, but there was no one around watching, and no one called to see whether I had left it or not.

"If those warnings had been real instead of some scheme to get the rubies or blackmail me some way, some one would have called."

"Not at all," I replied. "It wasn't necessary."

"Not necessary?" demanded Trask, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that Mentuhetep XIII. knew exactly what you were doing."

For a moment Trask stared at me in blank amazement, then exclaimed:

"I don't get you, Bronson."

"I mean that Mentuhetep knows your every move."

"Nonsense! How could he?"

"By reading your mind."

"Impossible! Why, I don't even know the man. I've never laid eyes upon him. The thing is preposterous!"

"If you had ever seen any of the marvelous things an adept of Thebes can do, Trask, you wouldn't say that."

"But a man must see or know another man before he can read his mind or do any of these telepathic stunts, Bronson."

"Any one but a master adept, yes. But——"

"Do you, Bronson, as a man, really believe that old devil, or any one else, can read my mind—can know what I am doing without seeing me?"

"I do—and one proof is that no one has called for the box."

"Then do you think Mentuhetep XIII., as he calls himself, knows that I went to you and that you are going home with me?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Why, then you are in danger—if there really is any."

"Perhaps—but you see I have had nothing to do with the theft of the rubies."

For some time Trask sat in silence, then exclaimed: "With all due respect to you, Bronson, I don't believe it! It is too preposterous to think that a total stranger can read my mind. Tomorrow you will see that I am right.

"The powers of an adept! Bah! We'll see which is the greater—the power of a red-blooded man with millions at his command, or that of an old dried-up bag of bones—for that is all any of the Egyptian priests I ever saw in Cairo looked like."

Realizing the futility of arguing the matter, I sank back in the corner of the car and in silence we completed the journey to Trask's estate.

As we turned in thru the massive stone gate of Heart's Delight, I was given a glimpse of the precautions the millionaire collector had taken.

A guard seemed to peer at us from behind every shrub and tree, while along the lake front I could see others patrolling.

Trask's estate was all that its name suggested. Magnificent gardens, fountains and statuary were all about the great stone castle in which he lived, but their beauty was lost upon us, for with our arrival a sense of foreboding seemed to fall upon my host.

"Send Bryan to me at once," ordered Trask of the doorman who admitted us. "Oh, by the way, Thomas, Professor Bronson is master of the house now. You are to consider his commands as mine. Tell the other servants."

Leading the way to the library, my host sank wearily into a chair only to pull himself together as the butler announced:

"Mr. Bryan."

Quickly Trask introduced the chief operative to me. "Professor Bronson is in charge now, Bryan. But I don't suppose you will want to change any of Bryan's arrangements, shall you?" and he looked at me.

"No, indeed," I replied quickly, noting that the millionaire's announcement had piqued the detective. "From what I have heard of Mr. Bryan I am sure that you couldn't have a better man to protect the house."

Instantly the detective's hostility vanished, and he insisted on telling me how he had placed the fifty men he had brought with him, ending with the announcement that he had just been talking with his operative at the express office, and that the box was still unclaimed.

"Then let's go down to my treasure-room," said my host.

"Have you told Mrs. Trask about things?" I asked.

"No. Fortunately Helen went over to visit the Holloways on the very day the note came, and will not be back till day after tomorrow. Then the danger will be over and I shall not tell her. It would only worry her."

Glad, indeed, was I that if any tragedy were to befall, the beautiful mistress of Heart's Delight would not be present.

Passing from the library, we walked down a long, highly arched hallway finished in old English oak. Tapestries and paintings lined the walls, and here and there stood the armor of ancient knights.

At the end of the hall was a massive bronze door. On each side, like sentinels, the armor of two knights, with battle-axes raised, stood, and as my host turned the combination which, vault-like, locked the great door, he whispered:

"Bryan has a man in each of these suits of armor. Rather clever, what?"

Ere I could make any reply the great bronze door swung inward and I gazed into Trask's treasure-room.

Often as I had seen it, the sight always held me enthralled.

A great circular casement, the walls were ablaze with barbarically brilliant figures of dancing girls, lords, ladies, great potentates and servants of Egyptian and Persian dynasties.

So realistic were the figures that, after gazing at them for a few minutes, they actually seemed to live and breathe—an effect due partly to their masterly painting and partly to a wonderfully clever arrangement of electric lights.

The floor was strewn with costly rugs—bear, tiger and lion skins.

In the center a fountain, with countless electric light bulbs, played, its waters a perfect rainbow of colors.

In the pool gold and silver fish flashed about, and here and there lotus flowers and pond lilies bloomed.

Directly back of the pool were two large show cases in which Trask's celebrated collection of death stones was arranged in a dazzling color effect.

As I looked, I saw a new pedestal of whitest marble, from the top of which two blood-red eyes gleamed.

No need was there to tell me that these were the famous rubies from Mentuhetep's tomb. And as I gazed at the priceless gems, I could not refrain from an exclamation of admiration.

"Now do you wonder that I refuse to give them up at the behest of some unknown, who is more likely a thief than anything else?" demanded Trask.

"No, I don't," I admitted reluctantly. "And if they had come from any tomb but Mentuhetep's I shouldn't advise it."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me from whose tomb they came, so long as I have them," my host returned.

"Here, let's drop into these chairs and look at them. You see, I've had that pedestal so placed that when I sit down I can look right into those ruby eyes."

And even as he spoke, Trask sank into a throne-chair which was covered by a tawny lion skin, the massive head standing out from the back.

Dropping into another chair, I gazed, fascinated, at the death jewels, wondering if, after all, I had been suffering from hysterical fear.

How long we sat thus, I do not know, but suddenly Trask sat erect in his chair, face white, hands gripping the arms.

"My God! Did you see that?" he asked, and his voice was tense and husky.

"What?" I asked, in alarm.

"That warrior directly across from the rubies! He shook his sword at me and then swung it round as tho cutting off my head."

Glancing at the figure indicated, I saw a noble of ancient Egypt clad in armor of gold, a mighty sword in his hand.

"God! He's stabbing with it now—and I can feel the point against my heart!" Trask cried.

My eyes told me that, of course, the figure was motionless—that it was nothing but a realistically executed painting; but my mind told me that the adept was working upon Trask, that he was making him believe the figure was alive and about to kill him.

As I realized the cunning of Mentuhetep, the torture to which he was beginning to subject the man who had despoiled the tomb of his ancestor, I was tempted to tell Trask that it was only his imagination, goaded by his guilty conscience, that galvanized the figure into life.

Then the thought occurred to me that I might turn the impression to Trask's advantage, and I cried:

"Man, man! Before it is too late—before that warrior actually stabs you—send back the rubies!"

A moment my host was silent. Then he leaped to his feet, clinched his fists and, dashing across the room, beat wildly on the painted figure.

"No! No! You can't kill me! You shan't take back the jewels! Neither you nor all the warriors of Egypt can take them from me!

"Heigho! Bryan! Men! You knights at the door! Help! Come lively. A-a-h!" And he gave a mighty blow at the figure. "I've disarmed you!"

And with a grin of idiotic joy, Trask turned from the figure, as Bryan, followed by half a dozen operatives, rushed into the treasure-room, automatic revolvers in their hands.

Already the mysterious power of the adept of Thebes was making itself felt, the power that scoffed at guards and detectives and the protection that money can buy. The real battle between this mysterious power and modern science is startlingly brought out in the second half of this story, which will be concluded in the Ledger next week.

Breaking the Iron Ring

By Ernest A. Young

This Will Post You

WALDO EDMUNDS, president of the Edmunds Manufacturing Company in the town of Hamilton, is boss of the leading political party. Grace is his daughter. Arnold Fay, self-made man, is secretary of the company. Dwight Jackson, a creature of Edmunds' making, is mayor. He has his eye upon Grace. The better element of the town picks Fay to run for mayor, and he accepts even tho he knows it will cost him his job. Grace fails to make him change his mind. Later he sees a woman he believes to be Grace in an automobile with a disreputable character, Conway, also known as Corney. Edmunds demands Fay withdraw from the mayoralty race. He refuses.

The above is enough to put you in touch with the chapters which have been published. You would enjoy the story more if you read it in full. The back copies in which the earlier chapters appear can be purchased from our agents, news dealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 9, dated March 2.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE PRESSURE BEGINS.

SAY what you will, persons cannot be wholly separated from principles. When the principles and interests clash the individuals who hold them do not stay friends. It makes no difference whether the break occurs between the big ones at the Nation's capital, or the smaller ones who lead a commonwealth, a city, or a town.

Something like this drifted thru Fay's mind after Edmunds left him, and while the air still seemed to vibrate with the big man's wrath.

There had never been a conflict of interests between Fay and Edmunds before. Now it had come, and city politics was the cause. It was more than a mere wordy row; it was almost worse than an exchange of blows.

"He'll break me!" Fay found himself repeating, half aloud. "And I will be hunting a job. Ah! But I know the meaning of that, and it is a definite threat. When a man is hunting a job he is worse off than an out-and-out beggar. I have been there and know all the bitterness of the experience. In these few years of growing success I have never forgotten the one miserable twelvemonth with never the soothing touch of a pay envelope."

When a man finds himself suddenly facing ruin or death, his brain swiftly unrolls a film of pictures that show what is likely to be coming to him. So Fay again saw himself hunting a job while he lived on the little hoard that he had accumulated in his three or four prosperous years.

Five shares of common stock in the Edmunds Manufacturing Company, par value one hundred dollars each, but costing him only twenty, and one share of preferred, quoted at one fifty-five.

The preferred was paying 7 per cent, but for two years the common had done fabulously well and appreciated in value.

Fay had been secretary of the company for one year at a salary of five thousand dollars. It had made him feel like a nabob, but it had not actually gone to his head. For that reason the friends he had made when he was plugging at less than one thousand a year were still with him. Truth is, Arnold Fay was a genuinely good fellow and deserved the best that might come to him.

Now he found himself making mental calculations as to the length of time he might last without a job, for he had no illusions as to the obstacles to be encountered in getting a new place. With the Iron Ring against him he would not be allowed even a day's pay in the city's street cleaning department. To go elsewhere to find a place would be to start all over again with the handicap of crushing failure behind him, and a chance that the antagonism of Hamilton's Iron Ring might pursue him even to a new field of effort.

In this wise the film of dark pictures chased one another thru Fay's consciousness, and they were unrelieved by a single brighter scene. At last he sprang to his feet and the present, with its call for tangible effort, gripped him.

"If there are only enough of the enemies of the Iron Ring in Hamilton they won't let Edmunds and his friends down me!" he exclaimed. "Political jobs aren't worth much to lean on, I know, but if I win in this campaign I won't starve for a while, and later I will be able to turn up something else.

"The threat of Edmunds merely puts it squarely up to me. I wanted to win in the first place; now they will break me if I don't win. Yes, they surely will break me, just as Edmunds said."

Fay returned to his desk and went to work.

There was a compartment containing some of his private letters and papers, and this he cleared out, making a packet of what he wished to save. In the lot there were data relating to some crooked city deals which had first aroused his indignation.

"Edmunds will try to crowd me out of this place within a week or two," Fay calculated. "I won't leave anything that they can use against me when I have to go."

There was a rebound to his spirits as soon as he had recovered from the first depression of Edmunds' fury. He no longer felt as if everything was lost. He even resolved to put up a fight to retain the position with the company. They might not all turn against him, he argued, and the Iron Ring had had its day.

He spent the afternoon upon the routine business of the concern. Before luncheon he had dictated the usual number of letters. When 4 o'clock arrived he suddenly realized that he had not been consulted by a single member of the office staff during the entire day—something that had never happened before.

He was about to close his desk for the night when Benton, the head bookkeeper, sidled up to him.

"A couple of reporters called to see you, Mr. Fay," he said, in a low voice and with a cautious backward glance. "Mr. Delano told them you were too busy to be interviewed. Was that right?"

"I don't know whether it was right or not," said Fay. "But I certainly never authorized Mr. Delano or anybody else to shut out anybody who might wish to speak to me."

"That was my guess," Benton returned. "So of course he got the word from somebody else. The reason I am telling you this is that the reporters got an interview with Mr. Edmunds, and the papers that have just been passed into the office have it that you are going to resign as secretary of the company, so that you may have a free hand in the political game. And they say you wouldn't be interviewed."

It was hard for Fay to keep back the wrath that began to swell within him.

"You have it from me, Mr. Benton, that the newspapers lie!" he exclaimed. Then, as the other stared at him in silence, Fay added with a level inflection:

"Don't mix into this, Benton. Off will go your head if you do. It is my fight, and I'm not worrying. Thank you for the information, just the same."

At the street corner he found Cowdrick, city editor of the News, was waiting for him.

"Come over to my sanctum," Cowdrick said. "We won't walk together, but I will follow along and we'll have a five-minute confab. It will be better for both of us not to appear on the street like pals."

A few minutes later he was at a side door of the newspaper building, but before he could enter his attention was caught by a man who came out of a saloon on the opposite side of the street. This individual wore a neat suit and overcoat, and a derby hat slanted over his right ear, but his shambling gait betrayed what the decent apparel might have disguised—it was Corney, the bum. As usual, he appeared to be comfortably jingled, but he was not so badly off that he was betrayed into looking in Fay's direction as he shuffled past on the opposite sidewalk.

Fay hesitated for a second, and then, impelled by the rage which had been kindled the night before, he cut across the street ahead of the vagrant and came about so as to meet him face to face.

"Just a word with you, then you may go, Conway," said Fay, seizing the man's arm as he would have hurried on without looking up.

"Oh—eh—Mr. Fay!" gasped Corney, in pretended surprise.

"I wanted to tell you, Conway, that you were seen to get into the Edmunds limousine last night and to ride away with Miss Edmunds. The reason I am saying this is, that whatever your game may be, the lady cannot possibly know what an unmitigated reprobate you are, or she would not be befriending you. You have probably made some sort of a bid for her sympathies and so you are working her for a charitable turn.

"I shall tell her what I know about you at the first opportunity. In the future you will do well to keep away from her. Do you get me?"

As Fay again crossed the street and disappeared thru the side entrance of the newspaper building a grin slowly broke over the countenance of Corney. Then he whistled a phonograph air and executed something between a tango and a fox-trot.

"I was something of an idiot to say that to him," Fay muttered, as he went up the narrow stairs to Cowdrick's private den. "I'll have to keep my head better than that or I will be my own hoodoo."

Cowdrick flung the door open for his visitor and closed and locked it after him. "There isn't time for us to sit down," he said hurriedly. "We are getting out a later edition and I've got to handle a lot of special copy. But tell me what blew up at the Edmunds Company's office this morning?"

"Edmunds blew up; but how did it get out? Did your paper have it?"

"Of course we had it. I sent our man back to interview you, but he was shut out. Did you refuse to talk?"

"I didn't have a chance to refuse," said Fay. "I did not know a reporter called for me."

"Just as I thought. Well, our paper tones down the story the cub brought in, altho his version agreed with the one printed by our rival paper. I told the old man you sure would sue us for libel if we put out the stuff in that shape. In the light of the facts as you state them—that is, the statement that you refused to be interviewed—there looms up a big story and ours is the scoop. But—to print, or not to print—that is the question. We must decide at once how much of the truth it will be prudent to let out. What do you say, Fay?"

Fay had been in a reckless mood a minute earlier, when he forbade Corney imposing upon Miss Edmunds. But the cautious newspaper instinct of Cowdrick impressed him, and he realized that headlong aggression against the Iron Ring might bring disaster right at the beginning of the contest.

"What shall I say?" he pleaded, looking into the shrewd yet friendly eyes of the city editor.

"Frankly, Arnold, I don't know—that is, I'm not quite certain. If I could prevail upon the old man to pitch into the game as an out-and-out partisan in the reform campaign we might say almost anything that we could prove and get by with it."

"Are you sure," Fay asked, "that your paper won't line up on our side?"

"Drew is undecided," said Cowdrick. Drew was managing editor and half-owner of the newspaper and, therefore, "the old man" to members of the staff.

"How are his sympathies?" Fay persisted.

"Oh, he hates the Ring, all right. As to sympathies," Cowdrick added, laughing, "he never had any for anybody or anything. He says you would be no better than Jackson after you had been in power two or three years. All he would favor you for would be just to break the combination. If he was satisfied that you had enough of what he calls pure Satan in you to smash the opposition, I reckon he would get out an edition on lemon-colored paper, with a red border, and print your name clear across the top."

"I don't want anything of that kind," Fay protested.

"Of course nobody wants it if his own personality is to supply the ammunition for the blow-up. But let me tell you, a newspaper is the best advertising medium in the world, and it can do a whole lot to build up, or to throw down, a candidate's chances."

"I'm not sure about the building-up part," said Fay, "but I know they can throw a man down if they set out to do it."

"They can help as well as hurt, don't doubt that," Cowdrick insisted. "It wouldn't make so much difference if all the papers could be kept from printing a word on either side. In this case the other side is bound to print a lot against you, and silence on your side would make some believe that you had no following that dared to come out for you.

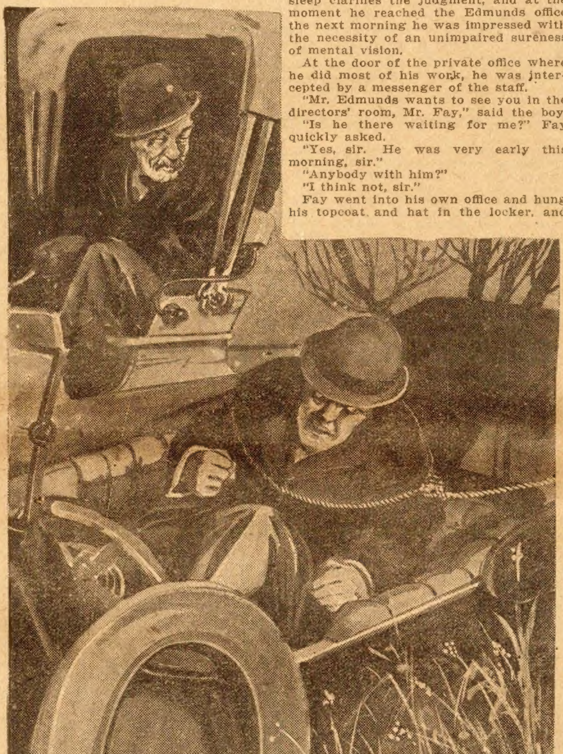
"It's all right for a man to talk about standing on his dignity and letting people make up their minds about him by the sheer force of his character and reputation. It won't work in practice, tho. You've got to advertise."

"But you think Drew won't dare to back me? How about the other paper?"

"Edmunds owns a controlling amount of stock in that sheet. Didn't you know that?"

"I don't know much of anything, Cowdrick, except that I am starting out with an infernally stiff handicap," said Fay.

"Not when you count the number of voters who are naturally with you because they hate Jackson, if for no other reason. He got a big bunch of the labor vote against him when he threw over Carter as boss in the street department. As for the small property owners, they're grumbling over the increased tax-rate, and they lay it to Jackson on account of the damage suits against the city provoked by his defiance of public rights. By all humanly probable chances, Fay, you are a winner, and you can be beaten only by a sort of undernanded juggling at election time."



A Noose Squirmed Up From the Roadside and Dropped Deftly Over His Shoulders.

Cowdrick had spoken rapidly and his voice got lower until it had been reduced almost to a whisper. He took out his watch and observed the twitching second hand while he talked, like a doctor counting a patient's pulse.

"Do you mean to imply," Fay broke in, "that they might go so far as to count me out even if I got a majority vote on the ballots?"

Cowdrick nodded. "Haven't you discovered already that the Ring doesn't scruple to do criminal acts to gain its ends?" he asked.

Fay was silent for a full minute. Then Cowdrick closed his watch with a snap. "My time is up," he said, "and I will have to ask you to tell me what you wish our paper to say. What about the story of your resignation from the Edmunds Company office?"

"I'm not going to resign," snapped Fay.

"Good! But we will have to quote you in the statement. How will you put it?"

"Let it be distinctly put that I will not get out of the Edmunds office unless I am forced out. You may even say that they are pushing me because I am running against the Ring——"

"Hold on!" laughed Cowdrick. "We or you, might be called upon to show proof of the truth of such a statement as that. All we can do is to simply deny, in quotes, from you, that you intend to resign. Later, if you are fired out, we'll quote you again, and you may be allowed to allege your suspicions in certain non-libelous language. Then we will have to give a spokesman for the Edmunds Company a chance to be quoted in rebuttal.

"Let the voters do most of the talking. I will suggest one thing more. You are going to need secret service—somebody of the private detective order, to watch out for fraud. You can afford to hire a good man, for this is going to be a fight to the death, and don't you forget it!

"Now you must go, Arnold. Perhaps I can enlist Drew on your side. You are going to need every kind of help, for even a majority of the ballots may not win for you against the Ring."

Fay slept soundly thru the night, and so proved his own fitness for the ordeal he had to go thru. He had found that sleep clarifies the judgment, and at the moment he reached the Edmunds office the next morning he was impressed with the necessity of an unimpaired sureness of mental vision.

At the door of the private office where he did most of his work, he was intercepted by a messenger of the staff.

"Mr. Edmunds wants to see you in the directors' room, Mr. Fay," said the boy.

"Is he there waiting for me?" Fay quickly asked.

"Yes, sir. He was very early this morning, sir."

"Anybody with him?"

"I think not, sir."

Fay went into his own office and hung his topcoat and hat in the locker, and then opened his desk. He did not hurry about it.

"If Edmunds is wanting to give me another grilling, why have I got to fall over myself going after it?" he asked himself. "If he gets tired of waiting for me to go to him, he may turn about and come to me. I can see no reason why I should show special consideration for the convenience of a man who is out to do me up, anyway."

It was in his own good time, therefore, that Arnold Fay finally knocked at the door of the directors' room.

CHAPTER V.

HOLDING DOWN THE JOB.

"SO MANY matters were claiming my attention this morning," said Edmunds, as he admitted Fay, "that I thought it would be better to have you come here instead of my waiting to see you in your—in the secretary's private office."

"It doesn't matter," said Fay, as he took one of the chairs at the round table where the directors were wont to sit at their deliberations.

The silence that followed began to grow embarrassing before it was broken by the president of the company. He seemed to have pulled himself together over night, for neither his face nor voice retained any signs of the rage which he had given way to at their last interview.

"Last night's papers reported that you were going to resign your position with us so you might have greater freedom for the campaign," Edmunds began. "I suspected that there might be some foundation to the report until I saw a special edition of the News out early this morning in which you are quoted as denying the other report. May I ask which one of the newspapers has the correct report?"

"The News quotes me correctly," said Fay. "I know nothing about the other report."

"Then I am to understand that you have no intention of resigning?"

"I hadn't thought of it. Why should I?"

"To save yourself the embarrassment of being requested to resign."

The eyes of the two men met in a level, antagonistic gaze.

"There is no law to compel me to comply with such a request," Fay declared. "Resignations made upon demand are rather weak dodges to save one's face, and I prefer not to avail myself of the opportunity."

"Do you think it would sound better to have it go out that you were discharged?"

"No, that wouldn't sound any better. But the way you propose sounds as if there was something I did not wish the public to know about. There isn't anything."

Edmunds got up and puffed out his cheeks. Fay thought he was going to break loose again, but the man controlled himself.

"Of course you may do as you like about it," he said, a little wheezily. "But I should think, when you intend to do something against the interests of your employers, and contrary to their wishes, you would look at it as proper and decent to relieve them of the embarrassment of—er—continuing relations that—er——"

Edmunds stopped as if he could think of no way of completing the sentence in courteous terms. He was raging inwardly because Fay seemed bound to act with a baffling kind of forethought.

"Was there anything more you wanted to say, Mr. Edmunds?" the younger man inquired, also rising.

"I wish you wasn't so dead-set upon making a fool of yourself!" Edmunds blurted.

"If there is nothing more," smiled Fay, "I will get to work."

He left Edmunds standing beside the big, round table, at a loss, for once, how to meet a will which was opposed to his own.

It was time for the morning mail to be brought in; but Fay found his desk bare. He waited half an hour and then called up the general office. A girl stenographer answered.

"This is Mr. Fay, in the secretary's office," he told her. "Why hasn't the mail been brought in?"

"Mr. Delano has it," was the answer.

"Why is Mr. Delano handling the letters which should go to Mr. Fay's desk?" Fay persisted.

"I—I think Mr. Edmunds ordered it," came back in a frightened voice.

"Ask Mr. Delano to send the mail in to me at once, please."

Fay smiled to himself as he hung up the receiver of the office 'phone. "There may be a new line of talk started about this time," he said.

A few minutes later Mr. Delano appeared. He was one of the most efficient men on the office staff, and ten years older than Fay. He brought the bundle of letters that belonged to the secretary to read and answer. These he placed on Fay's desk.

"Of course, you know I am not to blame for keeping these back, Mr. Fay," he said.

"I know you were acting under the orders of one whom you recognize as chief," Fay replied. "I assume that you were told I would resign, and that in consequence I would have nothing more to do here. I will tell you distinctly that I am still on duty, and that I shall remain until my successor is elected in the regular manner. You should also understand that nobody—not even the president of the company—has any right to interfere with the duties of any other officer of the company."

"I was told you had resigned," pleaded Delano. "One of the newspapers said so last night."

"It was a mistaken report. Mr. Edmunds asked me to resign, but I'm going to hang on and let them turn me out—if they decide that way."

"Good!" whispered Delano, with a glance over his shoulder to make sure that nobody was listening. "But," he added, "it is going to take nerve."

"I don't want to jeopardize your posi-

RED-ROBED FRANCE

The Huns stripped off my own green gown
And left me stark and bare!
My sons, they spread a red robe down
And wrapped me in it there.

The garb they brought was red as blood—
The robe was red as flame;
They veiled me in it where I stood
And took away my shame.

Was ever web so closely wove
Or warp so glorious spun?
I'll wear no vestment prized above
That wide and scarlet one.

Tho younger sons, some happier day,
Weave me a fair green gown
Anew, or bid me don array
Of corn-ripe gold and brown.

The names (like beads, told one by one)
My heart will still repeat;
Will call, with tears, each dear, dear son
Whose red robe wrapped my feet!

—CHARLES BUXTON GOING *in Everybody's.*

tion with the company," Fay added, "but couldn't you tell me how the office heads —I mean, of your grade—are feeling? Do they think I'm a fool?"

"They think you are all right, Mr. Fay, but they can't see how you are going to buck against the whole combination. Don't you see? The cards are stacked. And yet, if you make a life or death fight of it, and can carry it to the polls, you'll make 'em rustle to keep their stranglehold on the city."

Delano went out without another word, and in the main office he found everybody feverishly busy, not one even daring to steal a glance at his face.

Fay had the forenoon to himself, and at luncheon time he dodged reporters and political friends alike. In the city editor's private den he found Cowdrick impatiently pacing the floor.

"Lord! I was afraid you wouldn't come," exclaimed the newspaper man.

"Oh, I'm not so self-sufficient that I can afford to leave you out of it just yet," laughed Fay.

"I hear you haven't resigned yet from the Edmunds office position."

"I never will resign," said Fay. "The question is, will they dare to fire me out with no pretext for doing so except the true reason that I am leading the fight to break the Iron Ring? In other words, will the president and directors of the Edmunds Company dare to show in that unmistakable manner that they are ready to employ their strangle methods to choke off an opponent? Won't it amount to the same thing as telling the people that they are afraid of me? And wouldn't that advertise my case better than all the spread-eagle speeches that could be made from a platform?"

"If they don't get back at you some other way," said Cowdrick, "it would surely give you an overwhelming victory. But, Arnold, do you suppose for a little minute that they will lie down and let you walk over them?"

"Of course I expect nothing of the sort. I expect a fight clear thru, and then more fight."

"I'm only afraid you may be starting the pace a bit too swift—rather, that you are too openly defiant about it."

"Would you have advised me to get out of the company's office in the way they demanded?"

"Not necessarily that. But you might have put off your decision for a day or two. It is early to show how many trump cards you may have in your hand."

"I haven't shown them yet. When your paper and the rival sheet tell the people that I have been asked to resign because the Iron Ring——"

"The newspapers cannot make any such out-and-out assertion," Cowdrick reminded his friend.

"Oh, but you can quote me in a brief story. I won't say much, but it can be pointed enough to set the city talking."

"You are taking an audacious stand, Arnold," said Cowdrick, "and that will make it harder for the other side to employ underhand methods against you without exciting suspicion and so much bitterness that it will result in their overthrow, even if they down you temporarily. I guess you are doing the right thing, but it is a bold one. In any case you are in for it now, and we will have to frame up an interview."

They went right about it, and in ten minutes Cowdrick had jotted down the vital points of an interview. Inclosed by "quotes" Fay was made to admit that he had been as good as told to resign as secretary of the Edmunds Company by Mr. Edmunds himself. Fay also admitted in the "interview"—reluctantly, of course—that he suspected some possible connection between the request for his resignation and his decision to run as a candidate for mayor.

Further on in the interview Fay was quoted as saying that he did not intend to resign his position with the company, because he did not deem his action with the Independent party as necessarily hostile to his employers.

Cowdrick's newspaper instinct furnished the exact wording of the "interview" so it should come within the office rules. The headliner was to have his way with the scare lines.

"Tonight you are to issue your formal acceptance as a candidate for the Independent nomination?" Cowdrick asked, when the other matter was disposed of.

"I mailed that to the chairman of the committee this morning," said Fay.

"Then we may have that to print along with the big story?"

"Better get it from the chairman of the committee direct," said Fay. "I mustn't seem too glib with the talk for the Morning News."

"Right. Now what do you suppose will happen next? It is the Ring's move."

"I will be discharged as secretary of the company, to begin with."

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"That would be too plainly an act dictated by the Ring. It would put the company in a bad light and at the same time confirm all that has been said about the power of the Ring."

"But they must down me somehow. How will they do it?"

"By some less obvious means. The exact method is what you could afford to pay well to discover in advance. I doubt if they now have any definite plan for getting you out of the running, as they haven't had time to dope out anything."

There was something which Fay hoped Cowdrick would not ask about. He really had nothing to dread in that direction, for the city editor of the News, keen as a newspaper man, nevertheless could be delicately considerate. So, while Cowdrick could not help some curiosity as to Miss Grace Edmunds, who had told Fay she would yet persuade him that he would be wiser to keep out of the mayoralty contest, he refrained from asking if she had spoken to him again about it.

Fay was thinking of this very matter when he returned to the company's office after his interview with Cowdrick. Yet he was astonished to find Miss Edmunds already there waiting for him. She was in a small, unoccupied deskroom next to the secretary's private office, and she came forward and spoke as he opened his own door.

"I told you I would come again," she said, smiling. "I will try and not test your patience as I did before, Mr. Fay."

"I will give you time to say all you may wish today," Fay answered, as he held open his door for her to go in.

He was less brusque than he had been when she visited him the first time, but in spite of his appearance of self-possession his pulses were racing as they had not done under the fierce attack from her father.

"I'm afraid, Miss Edmunds," Fay added, "that I gave you the impression that I was in a bad temper when you were here before."

"That was because I gave you good grounds for thinking me meddlesome," she continued.

"That was because I was not used to being in politics, and everything got on to my nerves right at the start," laughed Fay. "But I'm getting hardened already, and I will soon be so I can stand anything."

"I hope not, Mr. Fay," returned Miss Edmunds, quickly. "I would rather you —you stayed different."

Fay did not feel just then as if he were getting hardened in politics. The trouble was that he could not help observing the delicate color in Grace Edmunds' cheeks, and that her eyes were of the sort which grow light or dark with feeling, and that they could express every passing emotion without the aid of her other features.

"I felt a little that way about giving the women the ballot, and so drawing them into politics," Fay said.

"Then you really opposed us in that?" she asked.

"No, no! I voted for equal suffrage, for I believed it was bound to go that way sooner or later, and I feel that the earlier women go into training for the business of government the better."

"Did you expect then to be soon a bidder for the votes of women?"

"It never occurred to me. Now I suppose I will have to go after them or be buried by them."

Fay was somewhat relieved to find that she seemed to have taken it for granted that he had decided definitely to be a candidate. A brief silence on her part gave him an opportunity to state his position more bluntly.

"You will understand, Miss Edmunds," he continued, "that you came to me too late to influence my decision about running for mayor, even if you offered the best of arguments against my doing so."

"Then it is too late to withdraw?" the girl exclaimed.

"Yes, it is too late. I have started all the machinery going."

"I know—by the newspapers. And, as I foresaw, all your most powerful friends have been turned into enemies to begin with. It will be very hard for you if you have to lose. It is one of the disappointments which have fallen with the most crushing force upon high-spirited and ambitious men. Even at that, I believe it will be better for you to lose than it would be for you to win."

"Why do you think so, Miss Edmunds?" Fay demanded.

"Because, if you lose, the foes you will make by the attempt will be inclined to be lenient, and they may even become friendly again, after a time. But if you were to win they would never forgive you. They will crush you to the earth. They will hold you down."

"That sounds dramatic—almost tragic," smiled Fay. "I'm afraid, Miss Edmunds, that you take the matter too seriously."

"Is it possible that you know nothing of what they are already doing and planning to do?"

"Your father says he will push me out of the company and send me off hunting a job," said Fay, rather grimly. "In his own words, he will break me. Oh, I guess I have no illusions as to what I am up against, Miss Edmunds. And—worst of all—you will be leading the hosts of women voters against me!"

She drew a quick breath. "I came here, Mr. Fay, to tell you I would not do that. I—I wanted you to know this."

Fay sprang up, thoughts of the limousine and of Corney, and of the fetching of the women spies to the conference of the Independents rushing thru his mind. All his doubts and questionings which had troubled him rose to his lips. But before he could begin to utter them the door of the office was pushed open without even a warning knock, and Dwight Jackson, the mayor of Hamilton, stepped into the room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANONYMOUS NOTE.

A QUICK nod and smirk was the greeting of Jackson for his rival. He spoke to Miss Edmunds.

"Waiting for you outside," he said, after the odd, sputtering manner of his utterance, "with the motor. Said for you to hurry—your father, you understand. I've a little somep'n to say to Mr. Fay. Safe to leave us alone together, eh? We won't fight."

The last was spoken with another quick glance and smirk directed to Fay.

The latter imagined that the sudden darkening of Miss Edmunds' eyes was expressive of impatience and displeasure, and this helped more than a little.

"My father has come for me sooner than I anticipated," she explained. "I shall hope to see you again soon, Mr. Fay."

As for Fay, he had never before been subjected to an interruption involving such odious contrasts in personalities. When the door closed after Grace Edmunds, shutting Dwight Jackson in and leaving him standing where she had stood a moment before, Fay's hands itched to take hold of the mayor of Hamilton and pitch him into the street. "I could do it, and not half try!" was the somewhat comforting reflection.

"Pardon for breaking in on the confab," Jackson cut in. "The fault of Mr. Edmunds, you understand. Something I've got to get off my mind, Fay. Both of us feel better then, I'm thinking."

"Well, what is it?" Fay demanded.

"I'm sorry there has got to be a contest between us, Fay. But it mustn't stir up any bad blood. No need of that."

"If that is all that is troubling you, Mr. Jackson, I assure you that none of the bad blood in my veins will be stirred by anything in the political game."

"It isn't that, exactly," sputtered the other. "Trouble is—no use of winking at the fact—we aren't exactly friends to start with. You know that."

"Then we won't have to be hypocritical about it, will we?" smiled Fay.

"Not when we are alone together as we are now. But it'll be better for both of us if public doesn't know. Start 'em asking questions that neither of us would care to answer. Bad for you as it would be for me if they were to ask embarrassing questions. Neither of use was born in Hamilton, y'know. You remember, we came here the same year."

Fay nodded and his face was clouded momentarily as if by a shadow from the past.

"I don't know," he returned, slowly, "as there is anything to be gained by a discussion of ancient history. Indeed, you will oblige me by coming at just what you wished to say."

"That's just it," smirked Jackson with his rapid-fire utterance. "What I was after, was to know how you felt about it. Am I to understand that the campaign is to be conducted upon present issues, leaving out personalities? Do you agree to that, Fay?"

The rival candidate hesitated. He could not forbear asking:

"Were you afraid, Mr. Jackson, that I might dig up your past record?"

"We both might dig up past records," snapped Jackson, "and that would mean that both of us would be defeated. They'd run a third candidate."

"Don't be too sure of that. However, you have nothing to fear from me on the score of anything back of your career in Hamilton. Your record here should furnish us with ammunition enough for our campaign."

"All right, then. The old score is the same as wiped off the slate. That's what I came here to ask about. One thing more, and it ought to interest you: I've persuaded Mr. Edmunds not to crowd you out of the company's office. I won't be a cad, Fay. Now I'll go, eh? Nothing else to settle, is there?"

Fay was so eager to get rid of Jackson that he was on the point of letting him go, when he suddenly thought better of it and said:

"Wait a minute, please. You say you persuaded Mr. Edmunds not to crowd me from my position with the company?"

"It's a fact. Ask Edmunds."

"Perhaps you won't mind telling how it is that you have so much influence over the decisions of Mr. Edmunds? For I happen to know that he intended to get me out of the way as soon as he could juggle the trick without too much of a noise."

Jackson's sallow cheeks flushed and the color spread down to his neck and even reddened his small ears, set flat against his head. The same color turned the broad but not otherwise prominent scar across the left side of his chin to a livid hue. The effect was to lend his face a malignant expression.

"I do mind answering that sort of a question, yes!" he snapped.

"I was afraid you might flare up if I asked you that," laughed Fay. "At the same time I thought you might have a minim of sporting blood in your veins, and that you might own up to something. That is all, Mr. Jackson."

The mayor of Hamilton went out without speaking again. All the afternoon Fay was haunted by the singular malevolence of Jackson's countenance when he was asked how he happened to have so much influence over the president of the Edmunds Company.

The more the details of that interview with his opponent filtered thru the mind of Arnold Fay, the more he was persuaded that it boded him no good.

Why, he asked himself, had they decided to withdraw the pressure to oust him from his position? Would they give up that attempt and then concoct some other plan to put him out of the running?

"They sure will beat me if it is in their power to do it," he reasoned. "And any show of lenience, or any kind of let-up, just indicates new danger—a jab from some unexpected quarter."

It was snowing when Fay left the office that night, a perpendicular fall of big flakes that melted as soon as they struck the pavements. The damp chilliness of the atmosphere caused him to shiver as if he had a touch of fever in his veins.

"I believe this business is going to tell upon my nerves before I get halfway to the ballot test," he thought. But later, at a meeting of the Independent leaders in the same hall where the former conference was held, he was cheered and reassured by the promises of enthusiastic support.

A later edition of the Morning News had set tongues wagging about the "alleged" attempt to crowd Fay out of his position with the company. Drew, of the

(Continued on Page 29.)

His Shattered Saintliness

By Angus MacGregor

He was a godly man—a minister—and when the evidence pointed to him as the writer of naughty stories the town was overcome. The result was most amusing.

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THE REVEREND EZEKIEL EPPS read the letter for the third time. With each successive perusal his mouth opened a little wider.

The Reverend Mr. Epps had a large mouth. There were those of his parishioners who said that it was a weak mouth, a retreating mouth. This time it showed cavernous in its immensity.

The bewildered clergyman finally laid the letter upon the table, and picked up a magazine in its wrapper. Before opening it, he gazed at the letter once more, and reread it for the fourth time as it lay open before him.

It was a letter that does not usually appear on the tables of bachelor clergymen of thirty-seven. It was on pink linen bond, and read as follows:

> Editorial Offices Suggestive Stories,
> New York City.
>
> Mr. Ezekiel Epps. Compass Harbor, Maine—Dear Sir: We have accepted your story, "The Girl With the Yellow Stockings," for publication in our September issue, a copy of which is sent you under separate cover. Inclosed please find herewith our check for $25 in payment for the same. THE EDITOR.

Mr. Epps feverishly tore open the magazine wrapper. Sure enough, on page 167 there was the story referred to. In big, bold, black type, with a vividly drawn picture which depicted a twinkling pair of ankles, and more, was: "The Girl With the Yellow Stockings. By Ezekiel Epps."

He read the story eagerly. In all his saintly life Mr. Epps had never read a magazine of this type, or a story of this kind. Mr. Epps had not been a frequenter of the news stands, nor seen the crop of magazines that have sprung into being in the past year or two. It was a foreign world, and a new and picturesque world, that presented itself to the vision of the Reverend Ezekiel Epps.

The story dealt mainly with such interesting objects as silk stockings and garters and lingerie. It was a snappily written, bright, clever little tale, a tale that startled the reader as much in the telling as in its unexpected ending.

Mr. Epps laid down the magazine with a gasp.

"Well!" he ejaculated.

In all his life he had never written a word for magazine of any kind, with the exception of a ponderous article, "The Church as a Force Militant," for a religious weekly, an effort which had promptly come back to its author with printed regrets. Yet here was a smart, risque tale, published over his signature in an all too popular magazine, and here was a letter addressed to him, inclosing a check for $25 in payment for it.

Mr. Epps sat and stared out the window. A flush mounted to his face, and he took out the crisp green check and held it within his fingers a moment.

Right in the midst of his meditations came a ring at the door-bell. He had been too excited to notice the heavy steps on the porch, and he almost leaped from his seat as the jangling ring of the rusty bell broke in upon his reverie. Leaving letter, check and magazine open on the table, he went to the door to answer the summons.

It was the committee on repairing the vestry roof. Ponderous Joab Grayson, broad gold chain spread across his rotund waistcoat (for Mr. Grayson kept jewelry for sale and advertised his own wares conspicuously); Leander Jackson, the village druggist, a little weazened man, sparse of hair, with a wrinkled, parchment-like face, his garments, even his Sunday best ones, breathing aromas of asafetida and carbolic; and Abijah Jones, a heavy, red-bearded farmer with a voice like unto the scriptural bull of Bashan. The three worthy gentlemen trod heavily into the hall and into the pastor's study.

For fifteen minutes the four gentlemen discussed the leaky vestry roof, and the ways and means by which the necessary financial support might be secured to fix the worn-out shingles. Mr. Epps excused himself for a moment, that he might go upstairs to his own room and get some figures that a contractor had given him relative to costs and material.

It took some time to find the papers he sought for. Downstairs the three men sat impatient. Mr. Grayson absent-mindedly picked up the magazine from the table, and began to put on his gold-rimmed glasses slowly and deliberately.

"As I was saying," he continued. "a good substantial fireproof roofing won't cost much more than——"

Mr. Grayson's jaw dropped. His eyes bulged almost from his head.

"Yes, as you were saying," encouraged Mr. Jackson.

"Give me good old-fashioned shingles!" bellowed the stentorian tones of Abijah.

But heeding neither of these, Mr. Grayson's eyes were fixed in horror-stricken fascination on the magazine he held off at arm's length, that he might see it more clearly.

"Shades of the scarlet woman!" he ejaculated slowly. "Is this the sort of magazine for a respectable Presbyterian minister to have lying around on his reading table?"

Dramatically he held up the magazine, that the others might all see. It certainly was a gay cover, one that might have scandalized less strait-laced persons than the members of the parish committee. A golden-haired girl in the lightest of negligees was sitting curled up on a divan, with a magazine in her hand. A filmy undergarment, held up by the thinnest of ribbon straps, was slipping off one bare shoulder, exposing charms that the artist had not left to the imagination, while from the kimono extended silk stockings, lots of them, leaving no doubt of the model's physical attractions.

Horrified, yet fascinated, the three men gazed at the cover.

"That—in our minister's study?" piped up Leander Jackson. His fishy gray eyes almost popped out of his head. "I can't believe it! Here, let me see it."

"No, ye don't!" bellowed the bull-like voice of Abijah Jones. "I propose ter see that myself. Gosh, that's some woman!" he commented approvingly, as he reached out and took the magazine from Grayson's hand, reaching across the eager grasp of Jackson.

"Brother Jones, this is no matter for jesting," reproved the sanctimonious voice of Grayson.

Jones turned over the pages, looking at the pictures, and noting the titles. At one he stopped, read it over twice, and let out a long whistle.

The other two men rose from their seats and looked over his shoulder in ill-repressed eagerness. To the scandalized vision of the parish committee appeared the title: "The Girl in the Yellow Stockings. By Ezekiel Epps."

The yellow-faced little druggist espied a pink paper on the table. Shamelessly he pounced upon it, and read aloud to the gathering the letter accepting the manuscript. Three pairs of eyes gazed at one another. Three mouths were opened in astonishment. Questioning looks went from one to another, then were all focused on the thin, awkward form of Mr. Epps, as he came into the room.

Three accusing pairs of eyes bored into the inmost soul of the angular clergyman, who stopped on the threshold. He saw the magazine in Mr. Jones' hand. He saw the letter in Mr. Jackson's hand. A flood of scarlet rushed to his face and then departed, leaving it white.

"Gentlemen," he choked. "Let me explain. I——"

The biting voice of Mr. Grayson interrupted him. "No explanations seem to be necessary, Mr. Epps. If you have any explaining to do, you can do it before the church meeting. Good morning."

The three men stamped heavily from the house, while Mr. Epps, exhausted and dripping with sweat, dropped feebly into a chair.

The committee on repairing the roof of the vestry thereupon resolved itself into a committee to repair the morals of the Compass Harbor Presbyterian Church.

Every member of the church was in attendance upon the trial of the Reverend Ezekiel Epps before the parish. It was rumored that scandalous matters of a most incriminating nature would come out. Accordingly the vestry was packed to the doors. Every stall in the rambling horse-sheds back of the church was filled, and buggies, farm wagons, automobiles, even bicycles, were standing all up and down the road, and in the churchyard. The potatoes might go unsprayed, the beans uncultivated. Weightier matters demanded consideration.

Every inch of room in the vestry was taken, and as the crowds began to wedge into the room until it was packed tightly with humanity on that warm summer afternoon, adjournment was taken to the body of the church. The Hon. Zebediah Mason, the village lawyer, moderator of the church, sat uncomfortably and uneasily behind the pulpit in the straight-backed oak-and-leather chair that the Reverend Mr. Epps was wont to occupy Sundays. Mr. Mason ran his hand incessantly thru his long iron-gray locks, and wiped the sweat from his Andrew Jacksonian countenance with a blue-bordered silk handkerchief.

Down in front of the pulpit at one side of the long communion table sat the lanky form of the pastor, alone and shunned by the congregation, quick to condemn, even before the formal hearing. On the other side of the table sat the trio who had found the incriminating evidence, together with Deacon Al Knott, thin-faced and nasal-voiced, tugging every now and then at his sparse goatee; and Deacon Absalom Scroggins, whose white beard swept the middle button of his vest, and who cupped his hand behind his ear, that he might better hear the proceedings. The five whispered from time to time among themselves.

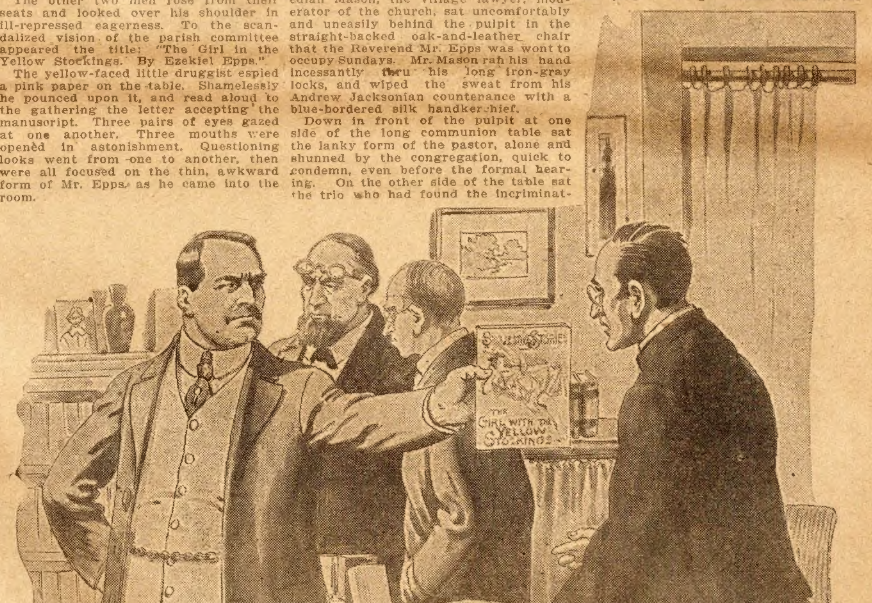
The last straggler shuffled in and sought for a seat, creaking footsteps up and down the aisle testifying to the difficulty of securing vacant room. The Hon. Zebediah Mason rose, ran his hand thru his Andrew Jackson-like hair, and tapped solemnly on the pulpit with his pencil. The trial was on.

Committeeman Joab Grayson outlined the case against the accused clergyman. It lost nothing in detail as he told it. In rich, sonorous tones that echoed thru the body of the church, he told of the condemning evidence, of the minister's blushing and stammering under the accusation, and his futile efforts to explain. He read in deliberate and accusing tones the letter from the publishers. He read, with fine emphasis, rolling the words in his mouth, parts of the story. Hushed and scandalized attention followed his every word. Spinster looked at matron and matron looked back at spinster, as the salacious passages rolled forth. A visible chuckle came from the front seat. Deacon Al Knott gazed sternly at the rotund form of his brother, Ammi Knott, and the latter passed a bandanna handkerchief over his face to hide his emotion.

Mr. Grayson had a keen sense of the dramatic, and he concluded with a horrified holding up of the magazine to the audience, that all might see the shameless female depicted on the cover. Then he sat down, wiping his forehead, while the "oh's" and "ah's" broke forth all over the building. There was a universal craning of necks that all might see to the last detail the lady of the cover.

The other members of the committee rose in turn and corroborated his statements. All eyes were turned on the white-faced minister as he rose to make his defense.

Alas for the Reverend Mr. Epps! All his pulpit courage forsook him in the


SUGGESTIVE STORIES
THE GIRL WITH THE YELLOW STOCKINGS

"No Explanations Seem to Be Necessary, Mr. Epps. If You Have Any Explaining to Do, You Can Do It Before the Church Meeting. Good Morning."

face of this accusing throng. He stood there, a picture of nervous confusion, lacing and interlacing his fingers, his face now scarlet, now white.

"All I can say, brethren and sisters," he began, lamely, "is that I know absolutely nothing of this matter. All I can tell you about this is that I was as much shocked and horrified to find this as were the members of your committee. I never wrote for a magazine in my life—that is, except for the Christian Weekly. I never saw this—this sheet in my life before. Where it came from, who sent it to me, who has been using my name, I know not. That is all I can tell you, brethren and sisters, except that I am entirely innocent."

He sat down, limply, white-faced, looking about the church with eyes that saw not. He had not convinced his hearers. No one knew that better than himself. His story was a lame and entirely unsatisfactory explanation of the almost conclusive evidence against him. He looked into the future. Life did not present very many opportunities for an unfrocked clergyman of middle age. He leaned forward and buried his face in his hands.

The iron face of the Hon. Zebediah Mason on the platform was impassive. His fingers played with his watch charm as he waited for more developments.

Quivering with anger, Deacon Ai Knott arose. His thin, high-pitched voice vibrated thruout the building.

"You have heard this alleged explanation from this—this wolf in sheep's clothing who calls himself a man of God!" His accusing finger pointed straight at the huddled minister, limp in his chair. "He expects us to believe his statement that he knows nothing about it!" The thin voice of the deacon rose higher and higher, till it became a shriek. "He stands before us there Sundays, and preaches to us on the way to Heaven! He tells us of religion and the duty of man and the teachings of the Good Book! He points out to us the path of rectitude! And then, on Mondays, in the quiet of his study, he writes lustful stories for that shameless, ungodly, pandering sheet, letting his mind dwell on the lusts of the flesh and the wiles of the devil! He stands before us a whited sepulcher, fair to gaze on without, and full of rottenness within! Brethering and sistern, I move you that Ezekiel Epps be dishonorably dismissed from the pastorate of this church, and that we take steps to bar him from the Presbyterian ministry, now and forevermore!"

"Second the motion!" came from the table, from Joab Grayson, from Leander Jackson, from Absalom Scroggins, from Abijah Jones. It came rolling from the body of the hall, in a chorus of male and female voices, and reechoed among the carved rafters and the dusty chandelier.

One form arose. It was the rotund person of Ammi Knott. He raised his voice in protest.

"Mr. Moderator, aren't we going at this a trifle hastily? I believe Mr. Epps. He has honestly denied any knowledge of this. I believe him. If he were guilty I should respect him for having a spark of human nature in that somber appearance of his. He ain't exactly fair to look upon, my brother Ai to the contrary, but neither is he full of rottenness. The case looks black against him, I will admit, but——"

"Sit down!" "Question!" Question!" came from all parts of the hall at once. Ammi sat down, his round face an unwonted crimson, and cast a withering look at the little hierarchy around the table. The Hon. Zebediah Mason arose, an impressive and dignified figure, smoothing back his long gray hair, his hatchet face still impassive.

"You have heard the motion as made by Brother Knott," he said, deliberately. "All those in favor will make it manifest by saying——"

"Aye!" came a chorus of male and female voices, reverberating thru the body of the church.

"Mr. Moderator!" A woman's figure arose.

"Contrary-minded?"

"Mister Moderator!" An insistent female voice caught his ear in the silence that followed the chorus of ayes. All eyes turned to Miss Adeline Lovejoy. The prim little schoolma'am who had never dared to open her voice, even in prayer-meeting, who had spent her life in the primary grades, teaching other people's children, whose very presence breathed an odor of prim sanctity, was on her feet.

In a voice low, faltering, that carried, nevertheless, to the farthermost parts of the room, she was speaking, in hurried tones.

"Mister Moderator, you mustn't go further with this. Mr. Epps is not guilty. I am to blame. I wrote that story. I sent it to that magazine. I didn't dare to use my own name, and I tried to think of a pen name. That name seemed to appeal to me. I didn't think of it's being connected with him. I didn't think that a copy of this magazine would ever come to Compass Harbor. I'm to blame and I'm sorry. I've been wicked. I'm not fit to sit in this church, but all my life I've been prim and good and narrow. All my life has been connected with Sunday schools and church socials and guild suppers and sewing circles. And then at times my imagination has just run riot, and I've wanted to think of something exciting in life. I've put my thoughts on paper, and that story is one example. I sent it to this magazine, and any blame is all mine."

Still another sensation in this meeting which had thrilled Compass Harbor as nothing had done since the War of 1812, when a British corvette had dropped anchor in the offing and sent shells over the town! Miss Adeline Lovejoy, who had never done a thing wrong in her life, who was the quintessence of old maidishness and prim sanctity! Wondering stares of astonishment went round the room, while a breathless silence followed.

In a faltering voice Miss Lovejoy read a letter from the magazine expressing regret that a careless stenographer had mailed a letter of acceptance and check to the pen name underneath the title, instead of to the name in the corner of the manuscript. It concluded with the words:

"You will probably be able to find letter containing check and acceptance at the postoffice addressed to the fictitious name on your manuscript. Regretting the mistake and the inconveniences caused you, we remain, THE EDITORS."

The little old maid sank down into her seat, a limp and drooping figure. Open-mouthed and astonished, the tense gathering was still under the spell. The silence was broken by the voice of Ammi Knott.

"Mr. Moderator, I move you that, in view of the circumstances, this meeting do hereby drop the charges against Mr. Epps, and that by a rising vote it express its confidence in his integrity!" He strode forth, facing the congregation.

One after another the dazed audience got to its feet. Abijah Jones seized the thin form of Ai Knott and pulled him to a standing position. The meeting broke up in a babel, as the Hon. Zebediah Mason strode down from the pulpit, reaching out his hand to the astounded clergyman.

One by one the gathering lessened, until but two figures were left in the church, the Reverend Ezekiel Epps and Miss Adeline Lovejoy. The clergyman moved over to the little figure huddled into a sorrowful heap in a corner of the pew.

A tearful face looked up at him. "Can you ever forgive me?" she sobbed.

"Forgive?" He looked down at her, and a wave of tenderness for the shrinking little form swept over him.

"Forgive? Shall I not do as the Good Book tells me, and forgive seventy times seven?"

She did not look up. She went on:

"It came so hard. It meant so much to me to face that crowd and acknowledge my fault. I must resign my position now, for no one will want me to teach their children, but I couldn't have you blamed for my wrong."

The clergyman sat down beside her and stroked the trembling little hand. "Tell me," he said, kindly, "just why did you happen to use my name?"

A choking voice faltered, "I liked it."

The minister looked at the light streaming in from the big western window. "Would you like it well enough to bear it for the rest of life?" he asked softly.

He put the green check into her trembling hand. She drew away from it in horror. "Give it to the church. I can't take it."

He put his arm around the bent figure. "No, we won't give it to the church. You will resign your position, yes. But we'll keep the check to help set up housekeeping."

He drew the shrinking little figure into his arms. Tears fell down her cheeks, and she clung to him. Glad light leaped into her gray eyes, and she buried her face on his shoulder.

No sound was heard round the Compass Harbor church but the contented cooing of the doves in the belfry.

The Island of Black Magic

By William H. Manning

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Read This First!

NATIVES of San Domingo threaten an uprising and the white planters gather secretly at midnight to discuss plans for meeting it. Voodooism is blamed for the trouble. Zindra, a priestess, being one of the leaders, as is Joachim, an Obi king. Rufus Batherick, planter, is one of the white leaders. Alexander Lyon, a young Englishman, is Batherick's guest. He is attracted by Madge Batherick, ward of Rufus. Gaston, another planter, also is in love with her. Lyon undertakes to investigate the reports of an uprising. He discovers the planters had been spied upon at their meeting. Lyon goes on a fishing trip, guided by El Bala, a black. They come upon a ship, lying in a sheltered place in the swamp. It is loaded with black men and presently a canoe brings Joachim to the ship. Then the watchers discover Batherick is aboard. El Bala believes the white man a victim of Joachim's magic. Later as they return home they see Batherick and Joachim together.

Joachim is waving his hands over the white man's head as if in incantation. Lyon and Madge go for a horseback ride and their animals are stolen by a man who has robbed Gaston's house. Lyon, Gaston and a servant go in pursuit and they become separated. Some one shoots at Lyon and he suspects Gaston is trying to kill him thru jealousy of Madge. Lyon surprises Joachim waving his hands over Batherick again. The thief, pursued by Gaston, throws himself at the feet of Joachim, who prevents Gaston from killing him, but forces him to restore his loot. Included is a memorandum of the wealth of the different planters, apparently in the handwriting of Lyon, who pronounces it a forgery. He suspects Gaston. Lyon tells Madge his suspicions. Lyon, in the night, sees Madge kneeling before Joachim, who evidently is trying to mesmerize her. Lyon is about to shoot Joachim when a hand falls on his shoulder. It is Zindra. She says she is a Carib Indian and hates Joachim. Lyon is urged to kill Joachim, but begins to suspect Madge is merely testing the negro and refrains. Zindra's servant, Gurr, shows him Batherick in secret conference with the blacks. A knife is thrown at Lyon in the darkness, but misses. The knife is similar to one carried by Gaston. Zindra warns Lyon to stay close to the house, that Madge is in danger.

Now to our story—

Or, if you prefer to read the previous chapters in full, back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 7, dated February 16.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WHEN the first vague shadows of twilight began to fall the three persons were again on the piazza. Batherick was as calm as ever, and he puffed lazily at his cigar and seemed at peace with the whole world. Alexander was less at ease. If he was to credit the warning from Zindra it was to be a night of danger, perhaps of grave calamity.

But of what nature? There had been no suggestion that anybody but Madge would be imperiled. If there was more, would not the Voodoo woman have made the fact plain? Clearly, he reasoned, there was nothing to do but watch over the girl.

His attention dwelt upon her with grave intentness. She was fair and charming, and his heart was warm toward her. For harm to come to her was a disaster so terrible that it nearly unstrung his nerves, but he tried to hide his perturbation and act naturally.

Anyhow, he would not sleep that night, and dawn should find him faithful to his trust, watching over her.

"It is warm tonight," said Batherick, yawning. "If I had control of the weather I would ladle it out a bit different, but I have as few votes as the black men on my plantation."

"There is a little touch of breeze on the other side of the house," replied Madge, "and I think we shall have a night fit for sleeping, after all."

"I am sleepy," the planter pursued. "We had better all retire early."

He yawned again, and then Alexander saw him straighten suddenly and look hard into the shrubbery, but the younger man's scrutiny failed to account for this. Batherick's eyes came back and, rising slowly, he made a careless excuse and went down, soon disappearing in the quarter toward which he had stared. Alexander looked at Madge, but she was outwardly unconcerned.

Batherick returned inside of half an hour and talked easily for a time, but he had not forgotten his plan of an early adjournment, and all presently went to their respective rooms.

Alexander did not go to bed. Sitting by the window he began his vigil. At times he reproved himself for doing it, arguing that a warning from Zindra was too strange to be heeded, but his mood as often changed and he kept his place.

After a time, as he looked, he saw a stir in the shrubbery that banished all his idle musings. Something had moved, tho what he could not tell, and Batherick was strict in ordering that none of the blacks frequent the grounds after bedtime.

The stealthy movement ended, as far as he could see, but it had made him restless. He took his revolver and slipped quietly out of the window, making his way from the piazza to the grounds.

Too wary to approach the suspicious quarter directly, he made a detour, and was passing along as softly as possible when he nearly ran upon a person who was standing as still as the tree at his back. Alexander's hand rose with the revolver in clutch, but it fell again as a low cry came in glad accents.

"Master, is it you?"

"What, El Bala?"

"Yes, yes, buckra man!"

"What are you doing here?"

"Perhaps the same as you, master. There are things to see."

"What things?"

"Who knows?" El Bala asked slowly. "When men walk where they do not belong they do not shout their business to other ears, but there are men near who stare hard at the big house."

"What men?"

"I do not know. Two men skulk, but I did not see them clear enough to recognize them. I was going after them when I saw you coming."

"We will go together," exclaimed Alexander, glad for such company. "You are the better woodsman—lead on. Stay one moment! Why are you here, good fellow?"

"Gurr said to me, 'Watch over Mademoiselle Madge carefully tonight.'"

"Ah! more of mystery. It looks as if we owe much to Zindra. But lead on, El Bala."

The black man stepped back into complete shadow. He was clear of all paths, but right there the trees stood well open with a velvet turf of grass. Upon this he trod with feet as light as the shadows themselves. Once more the Englishman was unable to imitate his stealth, but he did his best and followed.

El Bala doubled and turned for a while, and then paused and gently grasped Lyon's arm.

"Look!" he directed softly.

"Two men! You have found them. Who are they?"

"One is white, the other black. Look hard, master. Do you not know them?"

"There is a familiarity about the pose of one of them. Ah! it is Gaston, the planter!"

"Use your eyes further, buckra man. Do you not know his companion? No? Then hear that it is Er-Cheval, the knife-thrower. Do you not see, master? Gaston has made friends with the evil black man. But why? If you had lawless work to do whom would you ask to help you? Would it be an honest man?"

"I comprehend. Gaston has forgiven the thief in order to get his services. But why do they hang about here?"

"What did Zindra say? Watch over Mademoiselle tonight."

The speaker moved closer and the talk ended. Now they were so close to the skulkers that the murmur of voices came to them dully. Gaston, gesturing freely, was speaking rapidly, and Er-Cheval listened like a living, thinking rock.

Suddenly the words stopped and the planter moved forward.

"We will make the ladder ready now," he said distinctly, after a pause. "Nobody will be moving, and if we get it under the window we shall be free to act swiftly later. You are certain the man with the boat will not fail us?"

"He will not fail," Er-Cheval returned quietly.

"The ladder!"

They passed by, but with the manner of men whose task was easy.

"Do you hear?" Alexander whispered. "What will they do?"

"Zindra said, 'Watch over Mademoiselle tonight,'" El Bala returned.

"My question was unnecessary, I fear. But can it be—can it?—that the knave would try to abduct Madge?"

"We shall see."

Alexander was in a fever of anger and excitement, but the calm resolution of the black man gave a lesson he tried to profit by. He checked his useless motions and endeavored to be steady.

Gaston had paused and Er-Cheval went on alone, but he was soon back with a ladder on his shoulder. He slipped it under the near shrubbery and stood looking at his leader.

"This delay is trying," said the planter, irritably, as if thinking aloud.

"Why wait?" asked Er-Cheval.

"They cannot yet be asleep."

"What of it? I can do my part as well now as ever."

"You may find Lyon a tough customer."

"Bah! Let me get within sight of him, and it will be over within that time." He blew a breath audibly; then produced a knife from his scanty clothing. He flourished it lightly and kissed the blade. "When this flies Lyon will die!"

"Not so fast!" urged Gaston. "A cast is not always instantaneous. The man must sleep, and you must creep softly up to his bedside. Then, one blow and—you know'"

Er-Cheval chuckled gutturally.

"Lyon will know," he returned.

Alexander felt the touch of El Bala's hand, but passed it by as nothing. He was thrilling with rage and hostility. So a part of the business in hand was to kill him. He had not wronged Gaston,–in his judgment of him in the past. The grasp on his arm tightened.

"Look!" whispered El Bala.

Light steps sounded in the path and Alexander looked. A slender figure was coming toward them, and he was suddenly appalled. He recognized Madge. She came, and Gaston was waiting just beyond.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BLOW IS STRUCK.

MADGE moved with a step slow but firm, and, somehow Alexander gained the impression that she was deliberately carrying out a purpose of importance. Not for a moment did he believe she knew of Gaston's proximity, but the planter was there, nevertheless.

For a moment the young Englishman was inclined to step from his hiding-place and accost her, but El Bala pulled at his arm and he stood still. Perhaps, after all, Gaston would let her pass by unmolested. The hope faded quickly.

Madge was still moving when the planter quietly broke cover and barred her way. She sounded a little cry and recoiled, looking at him intently.

"Good evening, Miss Batherick," said Gaston, politely. "I see that all the delights of the night are not confined to winged birds."

She kept silence for a while, still eying him closely.

"You are—here?" she then murmured.

"As you see, Miss Batherick. I was passing, and as this was the nearer way, I ventured to cross your lands."

"Do not think I am objecting," she returned steadily. "One in haste has the privilege of going as speedily as he can."

The suggestion was not to be missed, but it was passed by serenely.

"I am reconciled to delay if it brings me near you. You know that, Miss Batherick."

"I see nothing worthy of mention in that, but, in any case, I can hardly claim the pleasure of acting the hostess tonight. The house is the same as closed, only a few of the men being astir." Alexander understood that the last words were more in the nature of a warning than exact. "I am needed there," the girl added, "so I will now go. I dare say we shall see you here again soon, Mr. Gaston."

She stepped back, but the man spoke quickly.

"A moment, if you please. I should have thought to see you esquired by Lyon."

The smooth voice was less noticeable now, and a sneer was plain.

"I left him on the piazza," Madge said calmly. "He will be here tomorrow. Good night, sir."

"Wait!" was the peremptory exclamation. "I don't care to visit Lyon, for I am [illegible] rested in him than you are. Your [illegible]t—really, it puzzles me to comprehend why you care for that outsider with his stilted English ways. The fellow should be driven out of the island, for he is a mischief-maker. He thinks to capture you for his wife, but he will never do it. I'll swear to that!"

The last barrier was down and he spoke harshly and brutally. The way of the man revealed his position.

"Mr. Gaston," she retorted, with severity, "you forget yourself. It is not for you to interfere in my affairs. That you do so is unpardonable. I will not tolerate it."

"What will you do?" he scoffed.

"End my acquaintance with you here and now."

"Are you sure of that? First, hear what I will do. You are about to bid farewell to Batherick plantation. I came here to carry you away, and you will go."

He spoke in a voice husky with anger, but relentless, and at the last word he started forward, his hands outstretched to seize her. What happened next astonished him. A revolver glinted almost in his face, and it was in the firm grasp of the undaunted girl.

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "Stop and live, or advance and die!"

He stood still. With Er-Cheval at his back he had looked for an easy capture, but all his plans were checked.

"What!" he muttered, weakly confused.

"Think carefully, sir. You know me, and know I do not deal in idle words. I give you my word that I'll fire if you move this way. And your man! He is trying to slip away and take me unawares. Stop, black man, or you shall receive the first bullet."

Er-Cheval had, indeed, contemplated strategy, but he was as prudent as his master. He stayed his steps and stood blinking restlessly, waiting for his leader to act.

The situation was tense. Alexander, only a few feet away, had twice made a move to go to Madge's assistance, but twice El Bala had held him back, whispering of delay. Somehow, too, the young man was so full of admiration for her that he felt inclined to let her win alone if she could. Such courage as she showed deserved individual triumph.

"Now," she added, "I am going. Stand where you are, sir, and don't dare to move until I am out of sight. I shall walk backward and my revolver will be held ready——"

She took one step. Alexander, divining his attention, saw Gaston crouched a little and was prepared for what happened. The planter, overcome by rage, threw prudence away and leaped forward. Midway, he met with disaster. Alexander's fist took him full in the face and he crashed into the shrubbery. An instant later Er-Cheval saw El Bala by his side, and the latter's terse warning did not go unheeded.

Alexander stood looking at Gaston, waiting for him to rise, but he lay quiet and it became clear that he was stunned. The victor wheeled upon Er-Cheval.

"When your master has his senses back, take him away," he ordered. "Meanwhile, and after, see to it that you keep out of mischief, or it will go hard with you."

"The game is Gaston's, not mine," was the placid reply. "Unless he commands I shall do nothing. If he does command me, I shall kill you, buckra man from England!"

"Live dogs eat," retorted El Bala. "Better be that, Er-Cheval, than to die before your time."

Madge plucked at Alexander's sleeve.

"Come away!" she cried earnestly. "Come, for he will soon awake."

Alexander scowled at the prone figure. He was more than ever the enemy of Gaston and, under different circumstances, would have embraced with ardor a chance to settle their differences more decisively, but he could not forget the girl. Calling to El Bala, he followed her toward the house, but she soon slackened her pace and let him reach her side.

"Mr. Lyon," she said quickly, "I will sometime tell you how grateful I am for what you have done, but, frankly, it is not the time for that now. This night is one of danger. You should not risk yourself in the grounds."

"Yet," he reminded, "you went there."

"Because I searched for you and failed to find you in the house. You must stay there. Your safety demands it, and—I may need you. Yes, I may need you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROWLING MEN.

ALEXANDER had experienced a thrill of satisfaction at Madge's statement that she had gone out to search for him, but he passed the point by on hearing her later words.

"When you need me," he declared, "I shall be ready to give my utmost service. But you say the night is one of danger. Why, and what danger?"

"That I do not fully comprehend myself, tho I have been warned to watch well all night. This might be nothing, but there has been much hereabouts, before this, that gives color to the warning. I admit that I am afraid."

"But have you no suspicion whatever as to the nature of the peril?"

"All is vague. You remember we have been cautioned that the blacks were to rise against the whites——"

"El Bala knows nothing about that, and does not believe it."

"Perhaps he is right."

"What about Joachim?" Alexander asked bluntly.

"Even he is to be doubted. I am inclined to think he has been hoodwinked, rather than that he is the front of mischief."

"But he is a sorcerer——"

"Do you believe that?" Madge cried quickly. "I don't! That he has power over his fellow blacks is true, and he may have a kind of mesmerism, but he is a fraud. He is no magician. Of late he has been used as a tool, rather than influencing others. Enough of this, tho. We are at the house, Mr. Lyon. Let us go in and seem to retire, and then—watch thruout the night."

Both her manner and her quick, half-impatient speech indicated a desire to drop the subject, and Alexander, piqued at the lack of confidence, did not press the point. The fact that both Madge and Batherick had seemed to be mesmerized by Joachim began to look less impressive in the face of the statement that the Obi man had been outwitted, but the matter was wholly obscure.

Alexander, however, suddenly had another idea.

"Perhaps," he said, "your warning came from Zindra."

"It did," Madge replied readily. "Her servant, Gurr, delivered the message. Zindra is not a negress, but a Carib Indian, and she really has mesmeric power. Once I saw that a grandchild of hers had good care in sickness, and she has since been grateful to me, tho I never have had speech with her. Beyond doubt I owe this present warning to that gratitude, but more than that I do not know."

"Did Gurr refer to the native uprising?"

"He plainly said there was not to be any."

With this Madge opened the door and they entered. The house was dark and silent. Even when Alexander took a look at Batherick's door he saw no light stealing across the threshold, so he decided the planter was asleep.

"What," he asked softly, "is your plan?"

"I have two trustworthy servants, my maid and her brother, who are here and will stay. If you and El Bala——"

"Command us!"

"Then watch with us. Something is going to happen."

Madge leaned against the wall and her manner was momentarily one of weariness and perhaps dejection, but she suddenly grew alert as her maid approached.

"Is there anything new?" she demanded.

"No, mistress," was the reply.

"No sounds?"

"No."

"Continue to watch. Mr. Lyon, it is trying to know there is danger and have no clew to its nature."

"Zindra should have explained."

"Torture could not make her tell what she saw fit to hide. I am certain there is no harm in her, but she is always mysterious. She has her way and will not deviate from it. But if we only knew what to expect tonight——"

It was something Alexander echoed mentally, both then and in the vigil that followed. The island was holding true to its reputation for mystery, and the watchers were crippled in a large measure.

What were they to watch for, then?

It was a pleasure to him to see that Madge leaned upon him largely, for tho she was fertile of plans she felt the need of strong arms and vigorous resistance if great trouble came. Here was where Alexander would be useful, and the ease with which El Bala took up his share of the task was encouraging. But, again, for what were they to watch?

He had been making the rounds of the house for the twentieth time when he again came near Batherick's room. Why was everything so silent there? Why did not Madge add the planter to the list of defenders? It was not enough to surmise that, her information being vague, she did not wish to worry her adopted father unnecessarily. Why was he not with the watchers?

Then Alexander abruptly decided to cast off the noncommittal mood. Whether Madge trusted him fully or not, it was time for decisive action. He went to her with quick steps.

"We must arouse Mr. Batherick," he declared. "This is his house, and its safety is his concern. He must be awakened."

The girl looked at him long before speaking.

"I very much doubt," she finally said in a trembling voice, "if he is in the house."

"Gone away?"

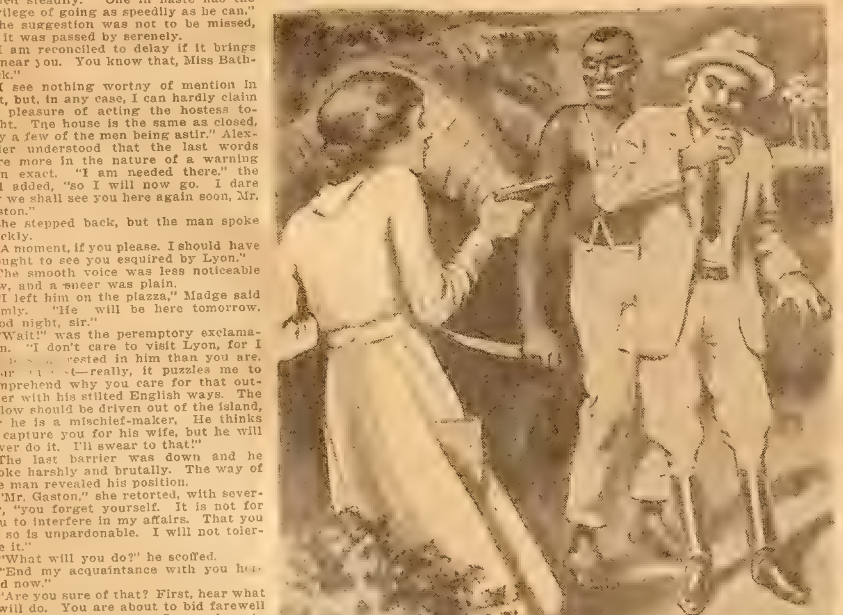
"Yes, or so I believe. He said nothing to me, and I don't know where he is, but I am certain he [illegible] gone. You may try to arouse him [illegible] will [illegible] don't ask me why he [illegible] not here. I don't know."

Alexander stood silent. What she said was impressive, but her voice and manner carried more weight. There was sorrow back of everything, and he felt he was on the trail of a new mystery he had no right to pursue further. A full minute he hesitated, and then he moved restlessly.

"I will settle the point," he returned gently.

Going to the planter's door he first called lightly, and then, when answer failed him, raised his voice and also knocked. No reply was to be had. He tried the door and found it locked.

He returned to Madge meditating deeply. What was wrong with Batherick? He had frequented Joachim's



"Stop!" She Exclaimed. "Stop [illegible] Live, or Advance and Die!"

society and bowed the humble head before the black man. Was that a part of the present mystery?

Feeling that it would be cruel to force the question upon Madge, he dropped the subject and took up his former task of patrolling the house.

Time elapsed, but nothing happened. All of the house servants except those actively enlisted seemed to sleep, and outside the peace was profound. At times Alexander doubted that vigil was necessary; but he did not relax his zeal. Studying the area outlying he wondered where Gaston was. Had he become alarmed and abandoned his evil purpose? Was the warning against him, or somebody else? Where was the key to the mystery?

The night was half gone when, as he stood looking into the gloom, El Bala came silently to his side.

"Master," said he, "the hour is here!"

"What hour?"

"The hour of trouble. Men move outside, and they are secret. I don't know who they are, but it has come."

"Where have you seen them?"

"They skulk in the bushes, they look at the house. They will come. Follow me!"

He slipped away, and as Alexander trod after him he was led to another room.

"Ah!" murmured the black man, "it is not only the hour but the minute. Look!"

No explanation was necessary. Dark figures were stealing toward the house and ladders were carried. The open piazza was ignored for what might be a more secret method.

Deeply perplexed, the young man stared hard. If the natives were peaceful, what did this intended blow mean?

"Give your commands, master," added El Bala. "What shall we do?"

"Fight!" was the quick, incisive reply. "We will shoot them down!"

CHAPTER XV.

LESS OF MYSTERY.

THE young man drew back the hammer of his revolver, but as he did so steps sounded heavily behind him. He turned, thinking to see Madge's servant, but the faint light revealed an entirely different person

"Gaston!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," was the swift reply. "I came up by the piazza. Look here, Lyon, you and I will have our grudge out later, but for now we must act together. The natives seem really to have risen for massacre, and these grounds are full of them. Frankly, my retreat was cut off, so I came here. In such an emergency all white men must act together and settle enmities at another time."

A chuckle broke the momentary lull, and Alexander saw Er-Cheval behind his master.

"Where," Gaston added, "is Batherick?"

Alexander was worried and perplexed by Gaston's presence, but before he could reply El Bala caught at his arm.

"No talk!" he exclaimed. "We lose one minute and we die, mebbe. To the window again, buckra man! We must fight!"

Gaston leaped to the point of advantage, and as Alexander followed the irony of fate had it that the rivals for Madge's hand should stand shoulder to shoulder in the defense. Lyon forgot all but the men outside and promptly hailed them.

"Halt!" he cried. "Who is there?"

There was no reply, and the forward rush took the strangers to the wall of the house. A ladder was thrown up and its end reached to the waists of the defenders

"Back!" Alexander added. "Back, or we fire!"

A chorus of mocking laughter floated upward and men began to mount the rungs with catlike speed.

"Only one way!" snapped Gaston. "Fire!"

He pressed the trigger and a shot went flying somewhere at the foe, but El Bala thrust himself between the white men and, grasping the ladder, pulled sharply to one side. His strength accomplished what he planned, and the ladder, shoved out of line, slipped and fell, carrying the climbers with it. Cries and imprecations came quickly on the catastrophe.

It was no time to wait and see what was to happen next, and Alexander fired several times in succession. Two or three shots snapped in reply, and then another ladder crashed against the wall. Men began to mount, the situation growing serious.

Alexander and El Bala now stood side by side, and they tugged at the ladder the strangers were ascending so stubbornly. This time it was not so easy to dislodge it, and the foremost man came so close that he was cast down by a blow in the face, but once more the plan succeeded, at last, and the ladder fell.

The Englishman began thrusting fresh cartridges into his revolver.

"Be ready for their next!" he ordered keenly.

"There will be no next, master!" returned El Bala, with a merry laugh. "See! They have enough! They run!"

It was so. The strangers had taken to the bushes like scared animals, and before the situation was fully to be realized the last of their number was gone.

"They are no island blacks!" said El Bala, shaking his head violently. "They run too easy. Cowards, all of them!"

Alexander stood pondering over the assertion, but he was not long in agreeing with it. There had been enough men outside to wage a far harder warfare, yet they had given up rather easily. Surely, it was not the way of the island men when roused to fury. It seemed, too, that they had expected to give, not receive, a surprise, and when taken at a loss they had fled. But who were they?

Before he could question El Bala, a cry sounded in the house and in a voice familiar to Alexander. He ran toward that quarter, reached the wide hallway, and collided with a man. Before he could recover his balance fully the latter had shot away, reached the piazza and leaped to the ground.

Then a house-light flamed up, held by the negro maid, and the space was made clear. Alexander saw the two servants, he saw Madge leaning against the wall, white of face and trembling, while on the floor was a still form from which ran a minute trickle of blood.

It was Gaston.

"Don't let him get away!" cried the maid "He tried to carry off Miss Madge, but Er-Cheval struck him down. Don't let him escape!"

Gaston's eyes opened and he smiled feebly.

"Don't fear that I'll go," he rumbled "That knave hit too deep. I was a fool to trust him."

Alexander was full of rage, for he realized that the planter had come to the house solely with the purpose of kidnaping Madge. He had fought with Lyon until his standing seemed to be established, and then had turned attention to his own nefarious work.

Madge suddenly rallied and turned to her servant.

"Bandages!" she ordered. "If this wretch is black within he is white of skin. We must do what we can for him."

El Bala knelt and looked for the wound.

"Small hurt," he said curtly. "Can't be killed so easy."

"Stay, El Bala, and see that he does no further harm," Alexander directed. "I will make the rounds to guard against another attack."

He was gone ten minutes, seeing no sign of danger. When he returned, the planter's wound had just been bandaged. It required no expert to see that he was not in danger, and his eyes were bright and scoffing as he looked at his rival.

"Luck is with you," he said. "You will win the girl, for I am sure of a month in bed. I was a fool to trust Er-Cheval, and I've paid the penalty. Let me say right here that this attack of tonight perplexes me completely. Still, I somehow feel that you would do well to look up your good Mr. Batherick."

All of the house servants were astir, and search was made for the master, but he was not found On every lip was the question—where was he? It was long before an answer was reached.

The day dawned brightly and found peace in the island. There had been no uprising of natives, and, clearly, none had been intended, but the night had been eventful. Before dark Gurr had gone to every near plantation with a warning for its master, and as a result an attack was repulsed at each house save that of Gaston.

That man had not been at home to receive warning, and as a result his premises had been invaded and robbed of money, jewelry and other valuables to the amount of several thousands of dollars. He was the only sufferer from the foray.

When, in the morning, Batherick did not return, wonder and uneasiness were aroused, and the following days brought no light. He never returned.

Gradually a strange story was brought out. A gray drogher had appeared on the coast, had crept into El Gran Pantano and lain there, waiting, and Batherick had fled in that vessel the night of the attack. His motive was learned subsequently. In former years, living in Cuba, he had been in league with smugglers and amassed a considerable fortune, with which he bought his latest plantation.

Eventually, he learned that the man from whom he purchased had a defective title, and that he could not hold the plantation in law, while events were moving to reveal that fact. Lawless as ever, he planned to rob all of his neighbors, make way with the booty and flee, trying to cover his scheme by talk of an uprising of the blacks.

To accomplish his purpose he summoned some of his old smuggler associates, who came in the gray drogher. Thinking they might be seen by other planters, he talked of bringing Cuban riflemen to aid against the natives. Had it not been for the warning sent by Zindra, probably all houses, including his own, would have been sacked.

He was gone forever from the island, tho rumor afterward placed him in Key West.

Gaston recovered from his wound, but before he left his bed Alexander and Madge were gone from the island. Joachim and Er-Cheval disappeared, and tho the former ultimately returned, the knife-thrower evidently left the island.

Just why Batherick pretended to be under Joachim's "spell" was not certain, but it was probably to help along the pretense of a rising of the blacks. Madge had seen something of this, and, perplexed and worried, had herself pretended to be influenced by the Obi man, hoping to secure light on the dark subject. She had never been under the sorcerer's control, despite appearances.

Being no more than the adopted daughter of Batherick, she had no legal claim on what remained of his estate, and she gladly renounced it. Before leaving the island she and Alexander were married.

Both of the young couple wished to see Zindra, but all efforts to that effect failed. El Bala saw Gurr, but the Voodoo woman held close to her hiding-place in the swamp and denied herself to them. Whether she had learned so much of Batherick's affairs by ordinary investigation or by the help of Voodoo was not to be explained, but she had learned and given ready aid. This being done, she retired to the solitude of El Gran Pantano.

Alexander received proof that it was Joachim who acted the spy in the shooting-lodge at the meeting of the planters, but the matters of the shot at him on the mountain, the forged paper in writing like his, and the reason why Er-Cheval had tried to kill him with the knife cast at him so treacherously, were never explained.

Not for a moment, however, did Alexander doubt that Gaston knew: but whereas the young couple were in England, Gaston was living on his plantation, disappointed, sullen and silent. What he hid in his breast was among the minor of the black mysteries of the island.

El Bala, raised in worldly station above his fellows by a generous gift from Alexander, remained among the scenes of the past, but, as usual, he said little and thus continued to be a wise man. That he had really been wise to Zindra's secrets was suspected by Alexander, but never proved.

The End.

* * *

His Black Suit.

HE WAS not a good card player. He admitted it. But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes. After a particularly glaring error the pestering partner turned on him.

"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's, sir," exclaimed the novice, hotly, "it certainly wouldn't be yours"

His partner snorted and subsided. But in the next hand he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here!" he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have!" cried the novice, with warmth. "But I'm keeping it for your funeral!"

Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last every-one in the family for months.—Adv.

FRECKLES

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7	9	6	20

Each of these squares represents a letter — but we have used figures instead of letters. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. The SIX letters represented by figures form two words which should interest you mightily. Send the words on a slip of paper with a 3c stamp to cover postage and I will send you a valuable GIFT and tell how you may win $350 IN GOLD, Auto, Piano, Pony, Bicycle, etc. Try to win this gift. Address: NEW IDEAS, 618 New Ideas Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Your Kitchen in Wartime

Plant a War Garden.

HERBERT HOOVER, National Food Administrator, has issued a statement in which he says that the Nation must save even more food than it has been doing if we are to feed ourselves and our Allies and prosecute the war to victory. War gardens, planted early and carefully tended, will go a long way toward achieving this end, he declares, pointing with pride to what was accomplished by the war gardens last year. Really, it isn't hard at all.

A few tools, some seed, a plot of ground and a little work make a garden.

Nature supplies sunshine and rain.

The garden will give you vegetables to eat, thereby cutting your food cost, and at the same time reducing the Nation's transportation and distribution troubles.

Any person can make a garden; a child of 10 can do it. The work, aside from the spading, isn't hard. For persons employed indoors garden work is the most healthful recreation they can find.

One needs a rake, a hoe, spading fork, watering can.

For a large garden a wheel cultivator comes in handy. It will insure more frequent cultivation, for it is less tiring than a hoe.

The hoe should be narrow, preferably forked, to get near to plants without hurting their stems.

After the ground is once spaded a child is strong enough to do the work.

Large plots should be plowed. A man with a team will plow the ground for a few dollars.

Breaking up of clods, raking and sowing take an hour or so an evening for several days. Thereafter a half-hour's work in the garden every evening, or early morning, will keep the weeds down and the soil cultivated.

Spraying and sprinkling are easv and require little time.

The best fertilizer for the back-yard garden is common stable manure.

Prepared commercial fertilizers, concentrated, may be purchased at seed stores. Any fertilizer intelligently used will return principal and interest in larger food crops.

Now, read the editor's talk to readers on Page 2, which will tell you how you can get the seeds for your garden free.

Send Wheat Across the Sea.

EVERYBODY wakes up hungry. The first thing we do in the morning is to get breakfast. That proves it, doesn't it? And at our breakfast we eat wheat, wheat in our bread, and very often wheat in our cereal.

Wheat is a "building" food. It contains what is called protein, that builds our tissues, and helps our growth. But it is better not to depend on wheat protein entirely for building food. Some other food which is rich in protein should be eaten with it. Milk is an example. That is why it is wise to take milk on cereal.

We shall have to admit that wheat is the best bread cereal, but other flour can very readily be used with it to make bread. That is what they are doing in Europe. They mix other cereals with the wheat flour, so that probably only three-quarters of it is wheat. Even so they have not enough. Europe must receive from us nearly 400,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Millions of men have been taken from wheat raising and have gone into the trenches. Fields have been laid waste by the enemy. Food supply ships have been sunk by submarines. Crops in other countries have been poor.

Four hundred million bushels of wheat is a very large amount, but we must supply it. In one way or another we must get it together here and send it across the Atlantic to our Allies. We cannot do this unless we are willing to use some other food for a part of the wheat we would ordinarily consume. We cannot eat it all and send it, too.

We can help send those 400,000,000 bushels if we will only use a little less wheat flour. Suppose each one of us each week instead of using five pounds of wheat flour used four pounds and one pound of some other kind of flour. We would then be able to send over 220,000,000 bushels, and that is more than half of the big sum we want. We must raise more wheat, to be sure, but the quickest way for us to help now is by using less wheat, and never wasting a crumb of what we do use.

How to Use Barley Flour.

THE methods of cooking barley flour are more nearly like those of cornmeal than wheat. This is due to the fact that barley, when mixed with water, does not form the sticky, elastic dough which is produced in wheat. Therefore, in making barley bread, a combination of wheat flour and barley flour should be used. When, however, the barley flour is used with eggs, as in cakes or muffins, it may be used alone. Loaves may be made successfully by using from one-half to two parts of barley flour to one part white or whole wheat flour.

Delicious muffins, baking powder biscuits, and hot breads of various kinds present a better way to observe wheatless days than to try to bake special loaves of raised bread for the purpose. In the trials at the home economics kitchens, the hot breads, as well as spice cakes and doughnuts, made entirely from barley flour have been a success, and bread has also been made using but 12 to 15 per cent of wheat in with barley flour.

Corn Bread

THERE has gone broadcast over the United States a feeling that graham bread or whole wheat bread is the thing to eat on "wheatless day." Graham bread is very good, but it is a wheat bread. It merely has more of the original wheat grain in it than our ordinary white bread. To eat cornbreads made entirely without wheat would be following the rule of "wheatless day" to the letter. Two of these are the following:

SOUR MILK CORNBREAD—Two cups cornmeal; two cups sour milk; one tablespoon vegetable oil; one tablespoon sugar; one egg; one teaspoon soda; one and a half teaspoons salt; one tablespoon cold water. Mix the cornmeal, sour milk, oil, sugar and salt. Cook in a double boiler or over water for ten minutes. Cool, add the beaten egg and finally the soda dissolved in the cold water. Bake one-half hour in a shallow iron or granite pan.

CRISP CORNBREAD—Three cups milk; one teaspoon salt; one and a half cups cornmeal. Mix the ingredients and spread in shallow greased pans to about one-fourth inch in depth. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp.

Two War Cakes.

CANADA'S WAR CAKE—Two cups brown sugar (or two cups molasses); two cups hot water; three tablespoons of lard or beef fat or the fat taken off gravies of roasts; one package raisins; one teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon and cloves. Boil these ingredients for five minutes after they bubble. When cold add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water and add three cups of flour. Bake in two loaves forty-five minutes in a slow oven. Do not cut this cake until two or three days after baking, as it is like any dark fruit cake, and the longer you keep it the better it is—that is, if you can keep it once the family has a taste.

AMERICA'S WAR CAKE—Two cups molasses; two teaspoons cinnamon; one teaspoon of cloves and mace and salt; two tablespoons of lard or any shortening; two cups of sour apple sauce and dissolve two level teaspoons of soda in the apple sauce; add to the rest of the ingredients three cups flour, and bake in loaf tins about forty-five minutes in a medium oven. You can add raisins if you like, and can use brown sugar in place of molasses (if you have it), and you can use dried apples, only soak them out and make apple sauce of them.

You will note these two recipes do not require milk, eggs, butter or sugar if you don't want to add it, and you will be surprised at the niceness of the cakes; every one loves them who has tried them.

* * *

The more a woman has in her head the less she thinks about what she has on it.

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The Enchanted Cat

The Second Half of a Fairy Story for Little Ones

(Concluded from Last Week.)

NOW Truemerit saw the queen whisper to the king and knew by his altered expression that her words had caused the king to turn against him. Still kneeling before the king, he respectfully answered: "Oh, King True Heart, in spite of your commands I am going to look for Golden Heart and if I bring her not to you in the space of six months you may hang me on yonder great oak." The king was secretly pleased with the persistence of the young man, yet he dared not oppose the queen, so he said sternly, "Go forth, young man, and if you do not bring her back within the allotted time your body shall swing on yon oak as a lesson to those who defy the king."

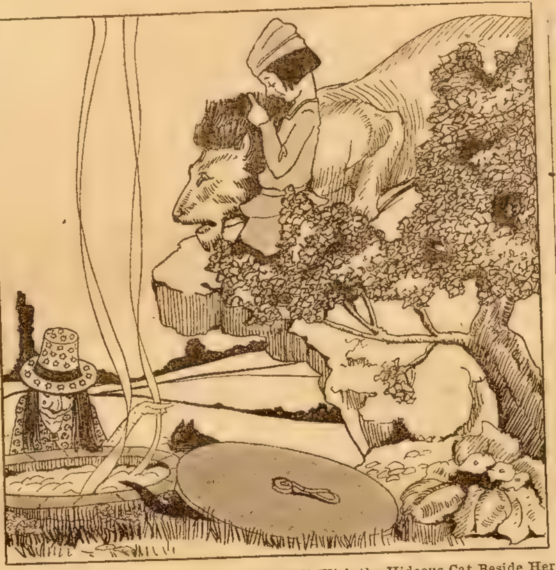
So the lad, bowing again before the king, took his departure sadly. That night, with a few pennies in his pocket, he set forth on his search. Now the queen was not at all easy in her heart over the search for Truemerit. She knew that true love always wins in the end, so she wildly thought of some plan to stop the lad's search. The king was growing a little distrustful of her since she had opposed Truemerit's search for the princess, so she dared not summon Grinnernot for a few days as she felt she was being watched.

This gave Truemerit a chance to get well started.

One morning as he was going down a road he heard an agonized roaring in the wood near by. He rushed in to find out the trouble and discovered a huge lion caught under a big rock. Truemerit tried to move the rock off the suffering animal, but it was so heavy he could not. He ran to a nearby brook and brought the big lion a fresh drink in his hat. The huge beast lapped it up gratefully. Then Truemerit cut down a small tree and using the trunk as a crowbar worked and worked with the rock and by midnight the lion was free. The beast licked Truemerit's hand and spoke to him: "From twelve at night till five in the morning, we animals are allowed by the fairies to converse as mortals. You, by your perseverance, have saved my life, so if there is anything I can do for you, tell me."

So Truemerit told the lion the tale of the lost princess and how he suspected the queen's part in the tragedy. The lion sympathized greatly with the poor lad. "I feel sure, too," he said, "that the princess is the victim of some evil plot. I will call a council of the beasts now and see if any one has seen her." With that he reached a paw into a hollow stump, drew out a trumpet and blew a mighty blast. Ere long the inhabitants of animal land began to assemble in the woods. As the lion was the king of beasts, he occupied the stump. Two representatives of all the animals, birds and insects now appeared. There were the foxes, rabbits, geese, tigers, deer, fawns, wild turkey's, snakes, ants, fleas, mosquitoes, giraffes, monkeys, owls, and many others. The lion told them how Truemerit had helped him and also told the story of the lad's search. He asked if any one had seen a girl of the description of Golden Heart. No one had seen her and Truemerit's heart sank in dismay. Then the ant, busiest of all the creatures, spoke in a high, shrill voice:

"Your Majesty, one night six months ago I was carrying a lump of cake to my promised bride when a rough foot almost smashed the life out of me. On looking up to discover the body that belonged to the foot I saw a beautiful woman dragging by the arm a girl who was weeping bitterly. This girl was like the description you gave and so was the woman. I know not where they went, tho, as I hurried on with my present to my love."



They Saw the Witch Leaning Over the Well With the Hideous Cat Beside Her.

Truemerit took heart now, but repeated questioning brought no more witnesses of the abduction of the lost princess. At last a bluebird spoke: "Sire, my council mate has not yet arrived; maybe she can give us news."

Just then the assembled crowd heard a faint whirring sound, and the bluebird's mate dropped at the lion's feet The lion explained to the bluebird the reason they were called together. As the tale progressed, the bird's eyes sparkled. She could help Truemerit.

"Your Majesty," she cried, excitedly, "my nest is in the scraggy pine on top of the cavern of the witch, Grinnernot. One night six months ago as I was sitting up with one of my children who had been sick, I saw a beautiful woman call at the door of the witch's cave and give the evil witch a lovely girl. The woman left and I never saw the girl again. In two days I noticed the witch being followed by a hideous black cat. I asked the owl, that rents a small room from the witch what had become of the beautiful girl, and the owl said she was no other than the horrible black cat. The owl then told me how the witch had enchanted the girl and made her a slave. I know this cat is the lost princess."

Exclamations of joy arose from the assembly. Truemerit still felt discouraged, for how was he to break the enchanted spell that lay over his beloved? The lion soon solved the question. "Truemerit," he said, "you must get on my back and I will take you to the cavern of Grinnernot. Near her cave is a well of boiling water. Each morning the witch goes there and drinks the boiling fluid. We must watch her and as she leans over to draw up the water we must push her in. Then we must throw down the huge cover of the well and lock it. Once we have the witch imprisoned in the well her evil spells are broken."

So they set out, and in a few days reached the cavern. Faithfully they watched, and two mornings later they saw the witch leaning over the well, with the hideous cat beside her. The lion pushed her in and Truemerit locked the huge cover on the well. The witch shrieked inside and tried to cast spells, but they all failed when she was covered with hot water. Truemerit looked at the hideous black cat and suddenly Golden Heart stood before him. They kissed each other joyfully Many of the other victims of the witch's spells were now released from their enchantments.

When Truemerit and Golden Heart started home they were followed by a goodly company. Truemerit thanked the faithful lion. As it was daytime, the beast could utter no word, but his great eyes looked happy.

When Queen Gwendolyn saw the party coming and recognized the princess, she knew her plot had failed; so she rushed to the edge of a cliff near the palace and threw herself into the sea.

King True Heart clasped his daughter in his arms joyfully. On being told of the queen's wicked plot, he vowed vengeance on her. Just then a messenger ran in telling them the queen's body had been found in the sea.

The king, seeing how devoted the two young people were, made Truemerit a rich noble, so he could be of the same rank as the princess and see her every day.

In twelve months they were each twenty-two years old. Truemerit and Golden Heart were married and lived happy ever after.

A few years later King True Heart died and the young couple reigned in his stead, to the satisfaction of the whole kingdom.

* * *

A Wonderful Teacher.

Some of you may have seen Helen Keller, who sometimes is called the most wonderful woman in America. If you never do see her, you all will read stories about her. When she was only a baby, she had a terrible illness that left her blind and deaf, and because she could neither seen or hear she could not learn to talk as other babies talk. Her mother and father were very sad and they could not bear to make her do anything that she did not want to do, so little Helen grew very willful and was a most unhappy little girl.

By and by there came a teacher for her, named Miss Sullivan. Miss Sullivan was sorry for the poor blind and deaf little girl, but she knew that she could help her, and she knew that the first way to help her was to make her know that she must obey. At first it was hard, and Helen would scream and cry so that Miss Sullivan had to take her to another house where the father and mother could not hear. Miss Sullivan was always gentle and loving, and by and by Helen began to love her and to obey her. Slowly the blind child learned to use her fingers instead of eyes and ears.

The wonderful teacher kept on day after day, so patient and kind, until now Helen Keller not only can read and write and speak, but she writes for magazines and papers. She even goes about from city to city giving lectures and telling people how to be useful and happy even if they have not perfect bodies. And wherever she goes she carries the story of the teacher who made her the most wonderful woman in America.

*

Really Good Wish.

IT WAS the last day of school. The teacher was giving a farewell party for her class, as she was to be married in the near future. The children spent a pleasant afternoon, and before they realized it the time came to say good-by. One by one they marched up and shook hands with their dear teacher. Doris said:

"I hope you will get as good a husband as my papa is."

POULTRY

WILL SAVE YOUR CHICKS.

Any reader of this paper who will write P. J. Kelly, the Poultryman, at 108 N. 2nd St., Minneapolis, Minn., will receive a Free Copy of his new booklet "White Diarrhoea in Baby Chicks." It tells how to prevent, remedy and save the whole hatch. It's free. Write for it at once. Advt.

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At our special $3.98 price we will sell 8000 Smyth's all steel body 70 egg incubators. Guaranteed to hatch as large a per cent of strong, healthy chicks as any incubator made, regardless of name, make or price. Made with all steel body, triple walls, 1918 improved disc regulator, standard thermometer visible through glass damper, best safety metal lamp, heat distributing drum around outer edges, water jacketed heat flue and automatic heat regulator insuring even temperature and moisture in every part of egg chamber, and even heat to eggs all the time. Equipped with special egg tray sloped so small end of egg points down and chicks when hatched will drop from shell into the roomy nursery below. Full directions with incubator.

SEND $1.00 deposit and we will send you this high-grade, latest improved Smyth's all steel body 70 egg by express, subject to examination. Pay balance $2.98 and express charges to agent after you find the incubator perfectly satisfactory and the greatest incubator bargain in the world, then take it home and

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December was unusually cold everywhere—a severe month on hens. Yet Mr. Schott's hens laid. He ordered 50 cents worth of Don Sung Tablets on December 3, and wrote the above report on January 1, 1918. Figure his profits

It costs nothing to see how much your egg yield can be increased, and it takes no extra work. Accept our offer, as Mr. Schott did. Here it is:

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Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

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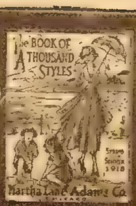

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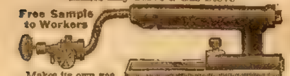

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Tried Out of Court.

(Continued From Page [illegible])

merited. I know. He was the lesser rascal—you the merciless leader. He clung to some rags of righteousness—you have no soul, for long ago it rotted out like an old stump."

"Oh, I see!" Haworth interposed at the first opportunity. He tried to laugh, but it was a dismal failure. "You've come after my share of what your patent yielded. Why didn't you blat it out sooner?"

He eagerly fumbled in a pocket of his coat which hung at the head of the bed, and drew forth a checkbook and a fountain pen.

Jessup adjusted a pair of nose-glasses and carefully scrutinized the bit of paper which the lawyer shortly handed him.

"Why," he exclaimed, looking up in surprise, "this isn't your half of what you received for the patent."

"It's what was left after fighting you," whined Haworth.

"Well, I can't accept it," and he deliberately tore it into bits and scattered them over the floor.

"You are an overreaching trader," grumbled Haworth. "I don't think it's right in you to expect me to make good what damage you caused, yet I'll write you one for the whole amount," he added quickly, when Jessup arose with a show of impatience and opened his medicine case, "if you'll go away and never show me your face again."

"You are asking the impossible," replied Jessup, facing the bed. "As long as you live you will be troubled by thoughts of me; that goes with the penalty. But I didn't come here to haggle with you over a sum of stolen money; we long ago passed that stage of this business. You have been a very successful lawyer, and a very unscrupulous one. You have had a vast deal of experience with wrongdoing—defending it, prosecuting it, and, without hesitation, resorting to it when it would line your pockets with gold. Consequently, you must know that that sort of thing never succeeds in the long run; that it cannot do so because of a natural law as omnipresent and as everlasting as the law of gravity—the law of compensation, which requires that you pay something for everything you get, and which you cannot evade without irreparable loss to yourself and without the world finding you out. Yet you," and he stepped to the side of the bed and pointed an accusing finger at the man huddled beneath the quilts, "as have countless thousands who have marched before you since the dawn of civilization, have tried to beat it, knowing, if you would but stop and think a moment, that it is impossible; that it has never been done; that it never will be done to the end of things."

"You are cra——" Haworth checked himself suddenly, and, assuming a confidential tone, added: "Oh, by the way, I almost forgot to tell you! I saw Hackett, your lawyer, yesterday, and he was anxiously inquiring for you. I think the court is about to grant him a new hearing of your case, and it's necessary that he see you. If I were you, I'd lose no time getting down to his office."

Jessup laughed.

"You think I'm crazy, eh? Well, we've wasted a lot of time in idle chatter. Here," handing the lawyer a sheet of paper and a pencil; "write a note to the coroner, or to whomsoever you choose, like the one Drew left—I mean the one telling the public why he went away."

"What!" shrieked Haworth, slapping the paper aside and frantically working to the far side of the bed. "You murderer! I'll not do it!"

"Murderer, for offering you escape from the infamy which, from this day, will pursue you to the fartherest corner of the world, allowing you no rest?"

"I'll not do it!"

"I expected that you would hesitate, but remember that other men who have walked in a crooked path, believing they could beat the law, have been unmasked. You are not going to be an exception."

"I'll not do it, I say!"

"Very well. I'll call again when you least expect it."

Without another word or a backward glance over his shoulder, Jessup, it seemed to the sick man, took his medicine case and stepped across the room to one of the barred windows.

Haworth, making a spasmodic lurch, reached the revolver which he had yearned for ever since the arrival of his unwelcome visitor, and then, with a cackling cry of satisfaction, he sat up, took deliberate aim and fired, as Jessup, dwindling rapidly in size as he approached the window, stepped out thru the bars.

The shot brought the servants from every quarter of the house, with Dr. Gridley, who had just arrived, and when they burst into the room Haworth was dead, a bullet wound, self-inflicted, in his right temple. After the railway accident there had been no Jessup beyond what conscience had dangled before his and Drew's inflamed imagination.

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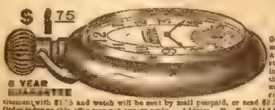

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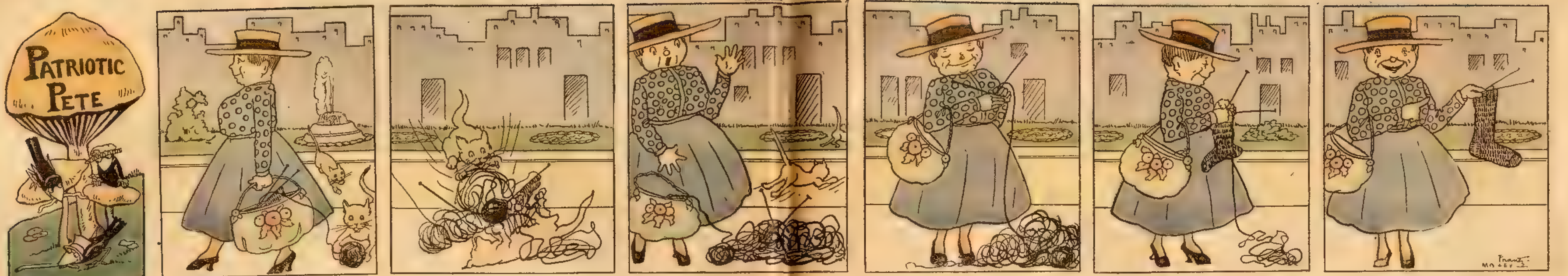


PATIENT POLLY ---

Polly's yarn fell out one day
From her knitting bag so bright and gay
A naughty cat, on mischief bent,
Espied the yarn and for it went

And then another cat flew in
And added to the general din
Polly strolled on with peaceful mug
'Till on her arm she felt a tug

Horrors! What a sight she saw!
Her knitted sock, without a flaw
Was by two cats so madly torn,
That to a heap of thread 'twas worn

Then Polly thought, "Well, this is bad
But troubles worse there can be had '
So she began at once to knit,
Thinking, "I will do my bit."

And as she stands and knits away
The accident's reduced to play.
The thread s most gone from off the street.
The sock is nearly now complete.

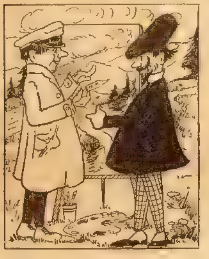
And soon our Polly's stunt is done.
And her tragedy's reduced to fun
How she and Pete will laugh tonight
Over the tale of her sad plight!

Had an Advantage.

Heck—"Yes, I have met your wife. In fact, I knew her before you married her '

Peck—"Ah! That's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't.'

◆



Motorist—"I'll give you $10 for that picture if you let me have it immediately."

Artist—'I am really very flattered by your offer, but it is not quite finished "

Motorist—"Oh, that don't matter. I want the canvas to mend my busted tire "

◆

Father Won't Like It.

Desperate Lover—"If you don't answer me one way or the other—yes or no—I'll hang myself in your front yard."

Coquette—"Oh, no, you mustn't do that. Father doesn't like young men hanging about."

CIVILIZATION.

We eat too much,
We heat too much
We try too much to beat too much
We growl too much
We scowl too much
We play the midnight owl too much
We ape too much
We gape too much
And dally with red tape too much

We spite too much
We fight too much
And seek the great white light too much
We read too much
We speed too much
We swear and use the weed too much
We drink too much
We prink too much
I think we even think too much

◆

Makes a Difference.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?

"Yas, sah."

"It means that after you are sworn you must tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Ahem! Where are you employed?"

"I'se a waiter in a gen'lemen's club, sah

No doubt married men play poker there. When their wives call for them over the telephone I dare say you tell them those gentlemen are not at the club '

"Er—yas, sah. But I ain't under oath den

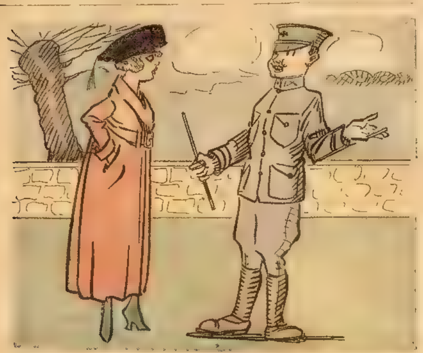
◆

He Wins.

A man who was showing off by diving into the sea and staying under the water for a time, after one dive came up and found that he had remained under water for two minutes

"That's going some!" he bragged "I'll bet that's a record around here''

"Oh, no, it ain't!" replied a spectator "A man dived in here this time yesterday, and he ain't come up yet!"



She—"Why do you always wear your fatigue uniform?"

He—"Well, when the captain sees me wearing it, he knows that I'm tired and I get a furlough to come and see you "

A Thoughtful Son.

On the platform at a Kansas station, surrounded by packages of various shapes and sizes, sat an old woman, an alarm clock hanging around her neck. The porter noticing this unusual ornament inquired where she was going.

"Arkansas City," was the reply

"Yes, your train leaves at 9:45 this evening; and may I ask why you wear the alarm clock?"

Well," she solemnly answered, "when I left home early this morning my son tied that clock there and said: 'Mother, your train leaves the station down there at Kansas City at a quarter to 10 tonight. Now, I've set this here clock for 9 30 It's a-goin' to go off then, an' when it does it's time for you to go out to the platform and get on the train for Arkansas City.'" Many smiled, but the lady said earnestly: "Imagine the thought expended by the poor boy to make sure his mother would reach her destination safely.'

◆

A Connoisseur.

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend As ill luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you [illegible] Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach

'Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti "

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine you chump, it's a cheese

◆

The Relative Cost.

A physician was called in one of the suburban towns to a boy who was suffering from tonsilitis. The boy's mother was relating the affair to a neighbor of more mature years, commending the doctor for his treatment. The response of the elderly woman was:

'Well, in old times when a boy had a sore throat we used to take a strip of salt pork and sprinkle it plentifully with pepper and bind it around the boy throat, but at the present price of salt pork it may be cheaper to have a doctor

◆

Uneasy.

It was in a churchyard The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench.

"I ish!" replied the old gentleman I've got three wives buried [illegible]

◆

Uncertain

The little police court [illegible] of tension The principal witness had not arrived

"Why isn't he here?" thundered the magistrate. "Where is he?"

"Weel, I'd no say for that," replied the clerk of the court, with true Scottish canniness. "But he's dead'

◆

A New Angle on an Old One.

'William," snapped the dear lady, viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike 2 as you came in?

"You did, my dear It started to strike 10, but I stopped it to keep from waking you up.'

One for the Editor.

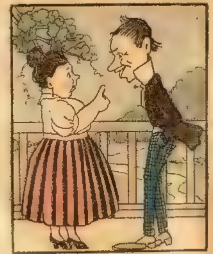
Country Editor—"You have done me many favors, Mr. Richman, and I shall certainly be glad to assist that young man by giving him work on my paper as you desire; but as you admit he has no literary talent, would it not be better to start him in some other business?"

Mr. Richman (a rural philanthropist) —Well, you see, it's this way I got interested in the young fellow while visiting at the jail, an' I felt I'd like to help him ter start fresh, an' earn an honest livin''

Country Editor—"Of course'

Mr Richman—"Yes Give every man a chance, I say, In times like these Well, I feel purty certain this young feller is a nat'ral born thief, an' I thought I'd start him where there wouldn't be anything to steal."

◆



Her Husband—"Even if you are the president of the Wellwishers' society I don't see you doing much to make others happy."

Mrs. Ponderosa—"Much you know' Every time I walk out on the street I make lots of women happy to think they're not as fat as I am

◆

Not Inappropriate.

A milk dealer in New York was consulted in his early days by a friend in the milk trade

"I've been roped in for two tickets to a masquerade ball," the friend grumbled, "but I don't think I'd go

Why not?" asked the dealer

'Oh, such things ain't in my line," said the friend. "A milkman at a fancy dress ball! No—no—most inappropriate

Inappropriate nothing," said the dealer, "put on a pair of [illegible], man, and go as a waterfall"

◆

Had to Quit.

Saw a woman in a real quandary this time'

"Where did it happen

"On a car She couldn't hang to a strap and knit."

◆

Conversation Lagging.

She—"Did I hear anything fall?"

He—"Why, no"

She—"Oh, excuse me. I thought you dropped a remark."

Waiting.

A country clergyman who was [illegible] up a refractory creeper observed a [illegible] had [illegible] watching him for a long time with obvious interest

'Well, my young friend" he said smilingly, "are you trying to get a hint or two on gardening?"

'No, [illegible]" [illegible] the youth

Are you surprised to see me working like this

'No, I [illegible] be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thoom '"

◆

Up in the Air.

"Do you ever have any little differences with your wife?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Githers, thoughtfully.

"That is a strange statement to make"

"Not at all My wife has a way of magnifying our disagreements until, to save my life, I can't tell when they cease to be trivial and become serious.

◆

Unattached.

Mr. Styles 'That hatpin keeps your hat from blowing off I understand that "

Mrs. Styles 'Why, of course

'But what I don't understand is what prevents your hair from blowing off and taking the hat and the pin

◆

The Result.

"[illegible] your new dressmaker give you a [illegible] in that gown

'I [illegible] say so' They had to call in two doctors when I saw myself in it

◆

Wait a While.

He (after he had watched her knitting for an hour) What are you knitting?"

She I don't know yet"

A Pacifist.

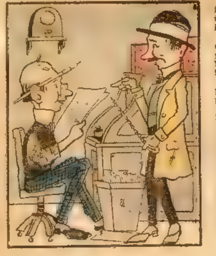
The newcomer had hardly seated himself in the railway compartment before he began to talk.

"I am a pacifist," said he in a voice as if he wanted to disarm all interruption. "If we can't beat the enemy in three years it's time we started waving the olive branch instead of the sword"

Just then a severe feminine face inserted itself at the carriage window "Is there a John Tamson here? Aye, there he is. Cam oot o' that smokin' carriage, ye heathen, before I tak' ye by the lug. Dae ye think your wife's a haddie for the curin'?"

John Tamson left, and the astonished silence which followed was broken by one passenger remarking "Puir fellow, nae wunner he's a pacifist. It's mair nor three years o' war he's had, I'm thinkin'

◆



Friend—"So you shake hands with every poet that invades your sanctum

Editor—"Oh yes; I can tell by their grip whether it's safe to hit them

◆

At the Front.

The hobo knocked at the back door and the lady of the house appeared "Lady," he said, 'I was at the front——

"You poor man!" she exclaimed. 'One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front ——"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deeds of heroism did you do at the front

"Why, I knocked, but I couldn't make nobody [illegible], so I came around to the [illegible]

◆

Misunderstood.

Two drummers, having a few hours in a small town, decided to dine at the village hotel

One of them turned to the pretty waitress and asked

"How's the chicken '

"Oh, I'm all right," she blushed "How are you?"

◆

Natural Obstacle.

'There can't be many rumors in the air at this place"

"Why not?"

"Because the atmosphere is too close '

All Perfectly Simple.

Two Americans visiting London went to see the fire station, and, seeing one of the firemen, said.

"Do you know, in America we use a nine-inch hose for fires, not a skinny three-inch like you have '

"Oh," replied the fireman, "we only use this for washing down the station This," he said (holding up a twelve-inch hose), "is what we use in case of fires When we want to send a man to the top of a building we place him on the hose, turn on the water, and he's up there in no time."

"Ah'' said one of the Americans "but how does he come down

"Well," said the fireman, "he puts his arms round the jet of water and slides down.

◆

It Looked Suspicious.

Gr-rr-r-h! The train drew up with a mighty crash and shock between stations

'Is it an accident? What happened?" inquired a worried-looking individual of the guard, who came running up the line.

"Some one pulled the communication cord'" shouted the guard. "Boat express knocked our last carriage off the line! Take us four hours before the line is clear '

"Great Scott! Four hours! I am supposed to be married today!" groaned the passenger

The guard, a bigoted bachelor, raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

"Look 'ere," he demanded, "I suppose you ain't the chap that pulled the cord

◆

No Real Danger.

'He's perfectly quiet, ladies," remarked the liveryman to the two girls who were about to hire a horse and trap, "only you must take care to keep the rein off his tail.'

"We won't forget," they replied

When they returned the liveryman inquired how they had got on

"Splendidly," they exclaimed "We had one rather sharp shower, but we took it in turns to hold the umbrella over the horse's tail, so there was no real danger

◆

Early Morning Sprinters.

"There is keen rivalry out our way

"Tell me the particulars."

'Two suburbanites are trying to settle the speed championship. Their homes are the same distance from the railroad station '

"Yes?

"One claims he covers the distance in three minutes and four-fifths. His swiftest competitor says it can't be done under four minutes flat"

◆

Playing It on Father.

She—"Papa says he will pay half the cost of furnishing a house for us

He—"But how about the other half?

She—"Don't be a goose! Of course we'll [illegible] out a lot of nice things, get [illegible] for half of the bill, and then go back and select things only half as expensive.

◆

MEATLESS MARY.

Mary had a little lamb
A fine she had to pay
She disobeyed her Uncle [illegible]
Meatless day'

◆

Grateful Praise.

'Well, dear, how does my record compare so far with your mother's?"

'Your fusses are nothing like the [illegible] mother used to make'

KNOCKING SENTIMENT.

I remember, I remember,
O, so fondly and so well,
All the fleeting golden moments
When I courted Arabelle

Every night, with moon a waning,
When we walked abroad, unseen,
I remember as distinctly
As it were but yestere'en

I remember every Sunday
That I used to spend with her—
Every path among the flowers
Where we used to coo and purr

But I sometimes get to thinking
(I'm no sentimental moke),
And remember more especial
How I used to want to smoke

◆

Flattering.

In the great drawing-room, with its rich furniture and rose-shaded lights, the heiress and her husband sat chatting after dinner.

"Ernest, dear," she said presently, a tender light in her eyes, "do you remember what day tomorrow is? Fancy, we shall have been married nine years, and not once have I missed baking you a special cake for the day, have I"'

Ernest gazed fondly at her. "No, my darling," he agreed. "You have never failed me, Hildegarde, and I look back on those cakes as milestones in my life."

◆

Full Measure.

The customer picked up a knife from the counter and handed it to the butcher, with a friendly smile

"I don't really want it," he said, "but if you will cut it off I will take it along with the rest."

"Cut what off?" demanded the butcher in blank surprise.

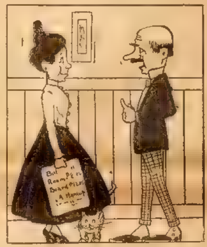
"Your hand," was the gentle reply. "You weighed it with the sausages, and I like to get what I pay for."

High Cost of Cutting.

"Dr. Slicer says he performed a minor surgical operation on you last week."

He did, eh? Well, I want to inform you that he charged me a major price."

◆



Harduppe—"I think nature intended you to be a bird."

Mrs. Boardem—"How's that?"

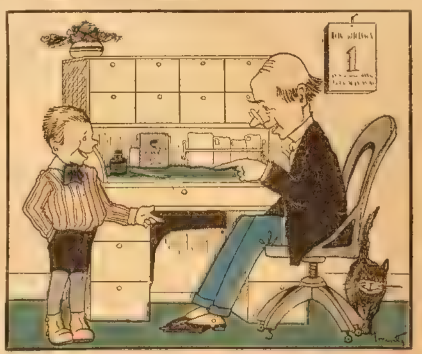
Harduppe—"Because I've never seen you without a bill '

◆

Asks Fair Play.

A kind-hearted little girl was looking at a picture of Daniel in the lions' den Suddenly she began to cry and her mother said: "Don't cry about poor old Daniel, darling. He has been happy for a long time now."

"I'm not!" sobbed the little girl. "I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any.



Merchant—"Jimmie, we [illegible] to [illegible] get a fresh supply of stamps."

Jimmie—"So we have! If we ain [illegible] couple of idiots!"

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

He who says nothing is never misquoted.

You can't always tell—unless you are a woman.

Many a married man is entitled to a hero medal.

Too many people pray with their fingers crossed.

A woman may be beaten, but she rarely acknowledges it.

Worry is the interest mankind pays on the debt of nature.

When a man offers you something for nothing walk around it.

Lives of great men all remind us how easy it is to be a small man.

You may be sure of one thing—you can't be too sure of anything.

Courtship is merely the preliminary skirmish before the regular battle.

We all have a soft spot in our heads at birth—and some of us never lose it.

A man has outlived his usefulness when he is no longer capable of giving advice.

It's a fortunate thing for some men that their ancestors left them an honored name.

The man who considers himself a brick never boasts of being a common clay specimen.

Altho the woman behind the broom may not draw a large salary, she raises a lot of dust.

The wise man makes hay while the sun shines, but the fool sows wild oats by electric light.

Success never comes to the man who sits on an empty dry goods box and whistles for it.

To accuse her of meaning every word she says is a serious charge to bring against a woman.

Some people's idea of knowledge is the art of finding out things they have no business to know.

The man who tries to live beyond his means usually winds up by having to live without his friends.

A doctor visits the sick, because, like the pitcher, if he went to the well very often he'd get broke.

Man prides himself on his superior intelligence, but who ever heard of a woman buying a gold brick?

When some women cast their bread upon the waters it comes back in the form of a bread pudding.

When an old gentleman proceeds to spoil the icy slide the small boy with a sled doesn't feel like saying peace to his ashes.

A woman can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to another woman whom she hates, while two men would engage in a slugging match before they had said a dozen words.

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
sl cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Sl cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

A Daisy Doily of Solid Crochet

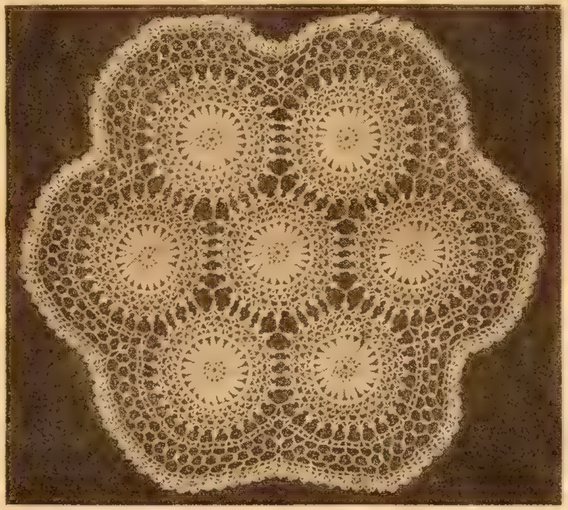
BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS doily can be made of any size thread from 10 to 100. Sizes 30 to 50 make a medium fine doily. The tighter the work the prettier will be the finished piece.

Make 12 ch sts, join into a circle.

1st Row—5 ch sts, * 1 d c, 1 ch st, repeat * until you have 11 d c, 1 ch st, join to 3d ch st.

2d Row—* 12 ch sts, turn, 1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into each of the next 8 sts, 1 s c into d c of previous row, repeat * for 12 petals.



3d Row—2 ch sts, turn to the opposite side and catch to the back of last d c, then repeat 2d row, making 1 s c into last d c of each petal, 9 sl sts to the top of last petal.

4th Row—* 1 s c into top of petal, 4 ch sts, repeat *.

5th Row—1 s c into each st of previous row.

6th Row—5 ch sts, * skip 3 sts, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c into same st, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

7th and 8th Rows—Repeat 6th row, catching the d c into center ch st between the groups.

9th Row—3 ch sts, * 1 d c into center st of group, 5 ch sts, form a p, 7 ch sts, form a p, 5 ch sts, form a p, all above the d c just made, 4 ch sts, 1 s c into center st between the groups, 4 ch sts, repeat * for this row and break thread, completing the medallion.

On the last row of the next medallion, connect by 4 of the 7 ch st p. On the 3d medallion, join in the same manner to the side of 2d medallion, skipping 1 p from the connection of 1st and 2d medallions, make 6 ch sts, 1 d c into the center of skipped p, 1 d c into center of p of 1st medallion, 2 sl sts on 2 ch sts, then complete p of 3d medallion and join to the next 4 p of 1st medallion, continue until you have connected the seven medallions, break thread.

Fasten thread to center p, 6 ch sts, 1 d c into the next center p, repeat * around medallion, make 1 d c into last p and 1 d c into 1st p of next medallion, omitting the ch sts between, continue around the doily.

2d Row—3 sl sts, 1 do [illegible] sts, * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, repeat * omitting the ch sts at the [illegible].

3d Row—1 d c over 2d d c of previous row, * 7 ch sts, 1 d c, skip 1 d c, repeat *.

4th Row—* 3 d c, form 1 cl into center ch st of loop, 7 ch sts, repeat *, omitting the ch sts at the corners.

5th Row—* 1 d c into center ch st, 7 ch sts, repeat *.

6th Row— Repeat 2d row.

7th Row—* 1 s c into d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c, all into next d c, 3 ch sts, repeat *

8th Row—* 1 d c into s c, ** 1 d c, 2 ch sts, repeat ** until you have 5 d c, all over ch between d c of group repeat *.

KNITTED TRIMMING.

Apparently we have all grown so used to knitting that we just cannot stop doing it. At least, one is justified in such an inference from the number of knitted accessories and the forms of knitted trimming one sees nowadays in the shops. To begin with, the vogue of the knitted wool sweater is by no means finished. Women stop in their war work of making socks and mufflers now and then to knit a sweater for themselves of some gay yarn.

Perhaps the newest thing is the woolen coat with trimmings of knitted yarn. Some of these coats are very smart. They are expensive, too, for, of course, the knitted work is hand done, and they are also a novelty. One of a dark, dull green cloth shows sleeves, pockets and a waistcoat front of knitted green worsted and sells for about $80. Others have only collar, cuffs and belt or collar, cuffs and pockets of the worsted work and a good many have vests or waistcoats of it.

Some of the new blouses of Georgette crepe are embroidered in wool of various colors—quite effectively, too.

Another novelty is the Georgette blouse with collar and cuffs of knitted worsted. The collar is of the stand-up and turnover variety and it is held neatly snug with a band of black velvet or ribbon. The cuffs are elastic, of course, and cling closely to the wrists. A blouse of flesh-color Georgette has collar and cuffs of bright blue and yellow.

* * *

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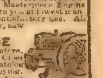

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On Black Hawk's Trail

By Harriet Wheeler

The Story in Brief

SAU-KE-NUK, the chief city of the Sauk, or Sac, Indians, nestles in the angle formed by the junction of the Rock River with the Mississippi. Near it is the high bluff, known ever as Black Hawk's Watch Tower. Here in June, 1831, the Indians are celebrating the Crane Dance, the time of wife-choosing. Two lovers, White Eagle and Raven Hair, recount some of the strange, superstitious stories that cling about the tower. The next day General Gaines, with a guard of soldiers, arrives, bringing a message from the President of the United States—an order for the Sacs to leave their lands and go into Iowa, claiming that the land occupied by Black Hawk and his people had been ceded to the United States Government in 1804. Black Hawk claimed the sale had been fraudulent, that he had never signed the treaty. Chief Keokuk urges Black Hawk to obey, and Black Hawk consents under protest. Five hundred canoes carry the people of Sau-ke-nuk to the western shore. Nearly a year later the story opens in New Salem, a village of log houses on the banks of the Sangamon River, in Illinois. Young Abraham Lincoln is clerking in the one store. He is chosen as a candidate for the Legislature. A messenger announces that a band of Sac Indians and other hostile tribes, led by Black Hawk, has invaded the State. Lincoln is elected Captain of militia and proceeds to the war. The troops gather at Beardstown, Ill. With some friendly Winnebago chiefs Colonel Gratiot goes with a flag of truce to meet Black Hawk and his followers. The truce fails, but Colonel Gratiot and his aids escape to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. Lincoln wins a wrestling championship. The militia arrives at Fort Armstrong and marches after Black Hawk, who sends back a flag of truce. Drunken militiamen attack the flag bearers. Black Hawk, angered, attacks the whites and defeats them. Lincoln meets Jefferson Davis at camp. Captain Horn witnesses a terrible massacre of whites at Indian Creek. The Indians carry away Sylvia and Rachel Hall, sisters. A new regiment is formed to chase Black Hawk, reported to have crossed into Wisconsin. Lincoln joins as a private. Captain Horn and companions ride on the trail of the Indians who hold the sisters. The girls are returned for a reward of $2,000 and sail for St. Louis. Captain Horn rejoins his command. Colonel Dodge's soldiers wipe out a band of Indians at the Pecatonica River. Indians attack the Apple River Fort. Black Hawk's Indians are routed at Kellogg's Grove and the Army pursues and finally gets on the trail.

Of course you are interested and, having read the above, you can go right ahead with the installment printed in this issue. Back copies, with the earlier chapters, may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. This story started in No. 6, dated Feb. 9.

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CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE AT KELLOGG'S PLACE.

"YOU seem well rid of the savages," remarked Colonel Strode to Captain Stone, as they strolled about the premises with the men, viewing the havoc perpetrated by the Indians.

"They have taken about all we had but our heads," replied Captain Stone, "and we purpose to stand for them."

"They will find you better able to defend yourselves," returned the Colonel. "I will leave twenty-five of my men, with their horses and an abundance of ammunition. The horsemen had better reconnoiter the country a bit, just to let the sneaking savages know that you have been reinforced."

"And I will set out to warn Major Bement at Kellogg's Grove," put in Captain Horn.

"Not for your life, Captain!" remonstrated Colonel Strode. "Wait until toward evening. If you hear nothing of the Indians by that time, you may be certain that they have returned to their retreat somewhere about Rock River. Mr. Funk, our express rider to Camp Dixon, moves forward at that time and will accompany you to Kellogg's Grove."

"I will gladly wait for the sake of having his company," returned the Captain.

"Come on!" called Colonel Strode. "We must be homeward bound. We may fall in with the savages ere we reach Galena."

The men sprang into their saddles, waved a farewell salute to the companions remaining at the fort, and galloped away along the highway stretching toward Galena, afterward General Grant's home.

Late in the afternoon, Captain Horn and Mr. Funk headed their ponies toward the east, where stretched the trail to Kellogg's Grove. Twilight was lowering, and heavy shadows covered the trail as they entered the dense grove.

"What a magnificent spot for a battle!" exclaimed Funk.

"Yes, these immense oaks offer equal shelter to either side. It would be difficult to fight an open battle within the grove. The boys are evidently enjoying a wrestling match."

The Captain sounded the Army call, and the men rushed forward with shouts of welcome.

"We were growing alarmed over your nonappearance, Captain!" exclaimed Major Dement. "What attraction held you at Apple River Fort?"

"We suffered a fifteen hours' siege, Major, a continuous fire from two hundred Sauks led by the Hawk."

"Great Scott! You do not tell me that Black Hawk is in this vicinity?"

"I do, and I am here to put you on your guard."

The men closed in around Captain Horn and listened breathlessly as he detailed the incidents of the siege.

"Mr. Funk carries the news to Camp Dixon. Better ask Taylor to reinforce you tomorrow."

"Good advice, Horn, by which I shall profit. But Mr. Funk must mess with us, and I will furnish him a fresh horse and a companion for the journey. What do you say to accompanying him, Elijah?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the scout.

An hour later Elijah led the express out of the grove, with a crescent moon overhead and a lone star to the east.

"Come, boys! Hustle everything into the stockade," urged Major Dement. "We have important business before us."

Horses, provisions and bedding were quickly secured in the stockade, and the blockhouses and doors securely barred. The men gathered about Major Dement, and they counseled far into the night on the best course to pursue.

"I want twenty-five men as volunteers to reconnoiter," said Major Dement, as the day dawned.

The men sprang forward eager for the chase.

"Prepare for an emergency, boys," commanded Major Dement, "and await orders."

The men bustled about, saddling their horses and loading muskets. They lined up on the open square. Major Dement and Captain Horn walked up and down the line, instructing the men to obey orders implicitly, and advanced to mount their horses. But at that instant a horseman from the volunteers dashed into view.

"The volunteers have sighted Indians on the prairie!" they shouted.

Instantly the line of mounted men broke ranks and dashed forward pellmell.

"Halt!" cried Major Dement and Captain Horn, springing into their saddles and cutting thru the lines.

"Form in line there!" they commanded.

But the men dashed on, heedless of all orders, toward a wood of underbrush whither the Indians led.

"Beware!" warned Captain Horn, spurring White Sox after them. "Avoid that bush! The Indians are leading to destruction."

But the men, excited to a frenzy, galloped headlong into the trap.

Major Dement gathered a small band about him.

"Stand to your arms, lads," he commanded, "and await the attack!"

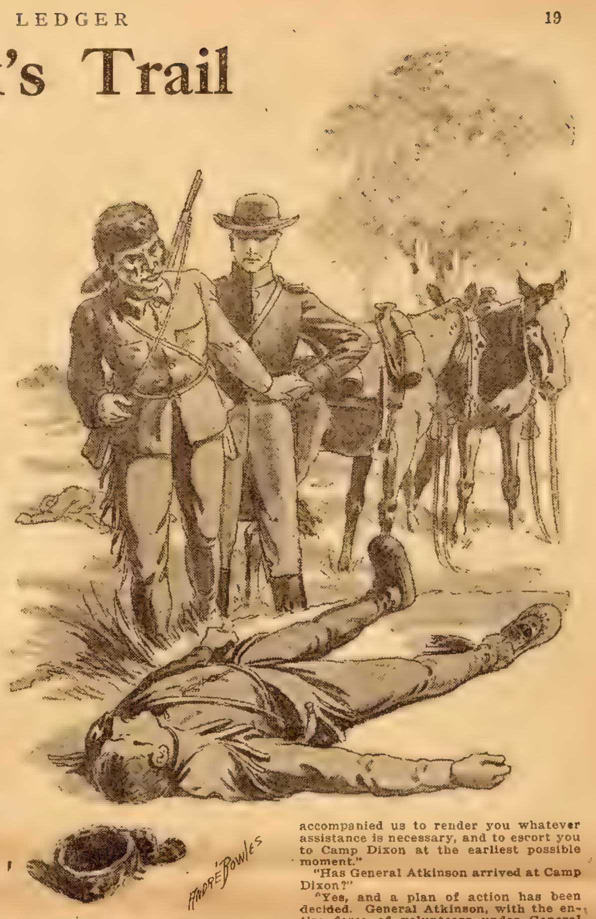
"There they come!" warned Captain Horn.

A volley of shot from the bush greeted the men approaching the timber. Two fell, and a third, wounded in the thigh, courageously clung to his horse. The next instant Indians swarmed from the grove right and left, two hundred and fifty strong, rending the air with their hideous yells. Mounted and well armed, they pressed on and circled Major Dement's sturdy band, who stood their ground, sending a steady fire into the ranks of the enemy. The Indians continued their march from the bush covering the open prairie and sped on to block retreat to the fort

"Cut them off from the fort, lads! It is a race for our lives," warned the Major.

The men wheeled and spurred their horses on toward the fort, fighting the enemy hand to hand as they cut by them, and dashed into the fort by a neck.

Dement rallied a small force of his men and made a stand against the howling fiends, who had paused to scalp three of their victims before speeding on toward the Major's plucky band of soldiers. But the men's courage failed them at sight of the approaching red men, and they dashed for the fort, leaving the heroic little Major to his doom.



"This Is a Ghastly Sight, Horn."

However, Major Dement's wits did not forsake him. Guiding Black Charger in a rapid circling motion, he flashed by the enemy and dashed around to the rear of the blockhouse. He found frantic horses huddled together beneath the sheltering roof, and tossing his bridle over a work bench he escaped to the house, already swarming with panic-stricken men.

"Form into line, boys, and return the enemy's fire thru the portholes!" he ordered. "They are filling the grove and shielding themselves behind the trees."

The conflict continued many hours. Again and again Black Hawk led his forces to the very doors of the fort, assailing them with battle-axes, tomahawks and galling fire, while the woods echoed the savage yells and cries for surrender. Failing to accomplish the assault, they fell upon the horses and cruelly dispatched twenty-five.

Far away, the cunning ear of the Hawk detected the steady tramp of horsemen; he sounded a blood-curdling yell, and the baffled savages galloped into the shadows beyond the prairie.

"What is up, Major?" queried Captain Horn. "Is the Hawk retreating?"

"Probably a ruse to draw us into open combat. We will stand on our arms and wait results."

Half an hour later the Major sprang to the porthole facing south.

"Hark!" he ejaculated. "It's the Army whistle sounding along the highway from Camp Dixon. My God, lads, 'tis Posey's brigade and we are saved!"

"What has happened, Major Dement?" questioned General Posey, as he reined up with Elijah Kilbourn beside him.

"Elijah reported a hair-raising engagement at Apple River, and the smell of gunpowder a mile down the highway sent our horses tearing along the trail without urging on our part."

"We have sustained an all night's siege, General," replied Major Dement. "Five of our men lie dead upon the prairie. Doubtless the sound of your approach sent the crafty Hawk flying into the forest twenty minutes ago. But we will rally our forces and pursue them."

"Impossible, Dement. I am under orders to join General Dodge at Fort Hamilton. Captain Early's spy battalion accompanied us to render you whatever assistance is necessary, and to escort you to Camp Dixon at the earliest possible moment."

"Has General Atkinson arrived at Camp Dixon?"

"Yes, and a plan of action has been decided. General Atkinson, with the entire force of volunteers under General Henry and Colonel Taylor, will move northward along the east bank of Rock River for Lake Koshkonong, hoping to capture Black Hawk's stronghold before his people can reach the Mississippi. General Alexander led his brigade to Plum River this morning, where he will scour the country and intercept any savages attempting to cross the Mississippi in that region. He will proceed from there via the four lakes and join Atkinson at Koshkonong. General Dodge and myself will swing our forces across the Wisconsin country and join you at Koshkonong. General Atkinson hopes that our united efforts will compel a complete surrender without further effort."

"Then you do not advise our pursuing the Hawk at once?"

"You will waste valuable time in doing so. Besides, your orders are to return to Camp Dixon."

"Which I will obey as soon as we have buried our dead."

"And I must be leading on toward Fort Hamilton. A prosperous return to you, Major."

And the General and his men swung on thru the grove, leaving Captain Early and his company saluting the gallant Major and his band.

"Were you under way at midnight, Early?" questioned Major Dement.

"It was a little past that time when Elijah arrived with the news of the attack on Apple River Fort, and we were on the trail fifteen minutes later. But we must hasten to bury our dead comrades. How did you happen to lose this engagement?"

"It was a repetition of Stillman's defeat. Our boys absolutely disregarded all orders, broke ranks and dashed toward the forest, where Black Hawk and his warriors were concealed. It was a miracle that we were not all butchered."

The men dismounted and followed the two officers to the prairie, where lay the dead.

"You here, Horn?" said Lincoln, taking the Captain's outstretched hand and walking on beside him.

"Yes, I've twice faced the Hawk since we parted at Camp Dixon."

"This is a ghastly sight," remarked Lincoln, stooping over a dead comrade.

"Yes, war is grewsome, Abe, and I wish we were well done with it."

"Most any day will finish it, Horn; the Indians dare not make an open stand. We shall corner them, and that means complete surrender or annihilation."

Silently they laid their comrade to his last rest. A few moments later the procession moved out of the grove and reached Camp Dixon that afternoon.

On the afternoon of June 27 General Atkinson led the forces of twenty-five hundred volunteers north, reaching Stillman's Run at sunset of the following day.

"There is a campfire blazing in the grove, General," exclaimed Colonel Taylor, "and, by George, there are Indians!"

"They wave a flag of truce; we will ride forward and receive their message."

They halted while the two officers moved into the grove.

"Why, Shabbona! What brings our good friend here?" exclaimed General Atkinson, as the veteran Indian approached them.

"I bring seventy-five Potawatomis, friends, who wish to join with you. We have found Black Hawk's trail only a few hours old; they are headed toward the Wisconsin stronghold."

"Great news that, Shabbona!" declared General Atkinson. "We will send you forward with Early's scouting party."

On the following morning Shabbona led the Army along the fresh trails northward.

"Think this swamp is a sample of the Wisconsin territory, Abe?" questioned Captain Horn, as they plodded thru the slush and underbrush of an interminable swamp.

"My geographical knowledge stops with the Illinois boundary, Horn," returned Lincoln, "but I assure you that these mosquitoes are the first fighting savages that I have encountered in this campaign, and they have drawn my life's blood!"

"Cheer up, boys," called Captain Early. "Shabbona guaranteed that we will leave the swamp in a few minutes. Ah, yes, here we are with daylight again and Rock River before us!"

"What means that Indian encampment across the river, Shabbona?"

"It is Hononegah's village of Winnebagoes."

"And who is Hononegah?"

"Big chief's daughter. She marry Stephen Mack, white trader; his store across yonder at the north end of the grove where the American flag waves. Follow me along the trail leading over the bluffs; here we ford Rock River."

"The Indians are gathering on the opposite bank," remarked Captain Early. "Do you guarantee us a friendly reception, Shabbona?"

"Yes, Hononegah's Winnebagoes refuse to join Black Hawk."

"Who is the man in the canoe paddling toward us from the island below?" questioned Captain Horn.

"The trader, Stephen Mack."

"Welcome to Hononegah's village, comrades," he said, as he swung his canoe alongshore. "You are three days behind the Hawk."

"Did Black Hawk visit your village?" questioned General Atkinson, mounting the bank with the trader.

"Yes," returned Mack. "He sent runners ahead who harangued our people to join their cause. But I counseled them to remain neutral, and they pledged their word of honor to do so. The night before Black Hawk's arrival I secreted myself on yonder island, fearing that he might seek revenge. Under the cover of darkness my good wife, Hononegah, brought me my food. The Army's shouts assured my safety, and I launched my canoe in time to intercept you at the landing. In behalf of our Winnebago and Potawatomi brothers I extend to you the freedom of our village."

"And right glad I am to accept your hospitality," replied General Atkinson. "Brothers," he continued, clasping the hands of the Winnebago chief, "we will gladly tarry with you overnight, and in token of our friendship I beg that you will feast with us tonight."

"General Atkinson," said Stephen Mack, "let me present my wife, Hononegah."

"Happy and proud am I to meet our chieftain's daughter," replied the General, with a sweeping courtesy, "and I congratulate Stephen Mack on his fortunate choice."

"The house of Stephen Mack waits to welcome Monsieur," said Hononegah. And leading the way, she escorted the officers to their log cabin and seated them in the rustic chairs adorning the porch overlooking the river.

"You command a glorious view of the river and bluffs," exclaimed Colonel Taylor, "and this grove is the most magnificent natural park that I have sighted."

"Would you enjoy a stroll thru the village, gentlemen?" suggested Stephen Mack.

The officers followed their host along the bank, winding in and out among the willows, wide-spreading elms, cottonwoods and maples, which sentineled the river, and finished with a feast which the soldiers and Indians had prepared, in the center of the grove. Then they sat about their campfire, listening to the Indians' stories of their village life.

As the twilight faded into night the bugle sounded. General Atkinson tapped the ashes from his pipe.

"We must be up with the sun, boys," he said. "Wisconsin's boundary lies six miles to the north, and three of our Winnebago hosts accompany us as escorts."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

A GLOWING sun ushered in the first day of July. The breeze from Rock River tempered the hot rays beating down upon the marchers as they swung by Hononegah's village and followed their Winnebago guides along the narrow trail which pierced the underbrush, out over the prairie rolling northward toward the Wisconsin.

"My! It's a hot day, Mr. Lincoln!" cried Captain Horn. "Who would think that strip of timber stretching between us and the river could shut off every breath of air and send us panting northward? I'm parched with thirst."

"We strike Rock River again at the Wisconsin boundary, Horn. How much further, Winnebago?"

The Indian held up two fingers.

"Two miles," ejaculated Lincoln. "We shall count ourselves lucky, Horn, if we strike water every two hours during this campaign."

"It will certainly be a will-o'-the-wisp chase," commented Captain Horn. "We may meet an inglorious end in the Wisconsin swamps."

"Away with your pessimistic forecasts, Horn!" laughed Lincoln. "The Army possesses a compass."

"Rock River ahead!" shouted Elijah Kilbourn from the front rank of scouts. "And the stream joining it at the right is Turtle Creek. We have struck Wisconsin! Hurrah!"

The weary horses pricked up their ears and cantered briskly toward the river, where man and beast refreshed themselves with the cool water. Ten minutes later they headed their horses to the east, following the north bank of Turtle Creek to the plateau on which rested the Turtle Village of the Winnebagoes. As they made their way between the grove of oaks and underbrush covering the sides, they found the trail strewn with dishes, food and camping utensils.

"Foolish Indians!" growled one of the Winnebago guides to Elijah Kilbourn, riding beside him. "Turtle Villagers have fled with Black Hawk's starving band."

"Let us ride on and search the wigwams," suggested Elijah. "Possibly some of the old people have remained."

They swung on to the brow of the plateau, and peered in and out of the wigwams.

"This confusion indicates that the Winnebagoes fled hastily," said General Atkinson.

"Afraid of Americans!" grunted the Indian guide.

"Lead on!" commanded General Atkinson. "We are on Black Hawk's trail to the finish."

The guides resumed their journey along the trail, following the plateau ridge a mile northward: a sharp bend to the west brought the trail to the ridge overlooking Rock River.

"Better call the Army to halt here, Taylor," said General Atkinson.

"Yes, this is an excellent spot for our night's bivouac, General."

They arranged their camp in the dense forest crowning the plateau. While the preparations for supper were going on the officers strolled southward along the ridge overlooking the river. A wilderness of oaks, elms and willows, thickly interspersed with underbrush, stretched in every direction, and the historic Rock River was bathed with prism tints of the gathering twilight.

"Surely, General," exclaimed Governor Reynolds, "this region offers unrivaled natural advantages to the pioneer. The land along this Rock River Valley is a paradise of fertility, and the navigable opportunities offered suggest factory villages along the waterway."

"I fear that you and I will not live to realize your glowing predictions, Governor," laughed General Atkinson.

"Just the same they will become a fact," stubbornly affirmed the Governor.

"I'm of your faith, Governor," cut in Abraham Lincoln. "Nature never wastes her resources. This Wisconsin territory has a mighty future."

But the vision of the Illinois "rail splitter" failed to behold the campus of the future Yale of the West, occupying the dense forest before him. Neither did his most daring flights of fancy picture himself as an orator, in sight of this future college, declaiming the principles of his party as the country's candidate for its highest honors. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!

The Army moved northward with the rising sun, led by their Winnebago guides and Early's spy battalion. The trail led over rolling prairies, piercing dense forests, wading treacherous bogs, and thickly tangled swamps. The heat was stifling, and it was hours before the men were able to find water to slake their burning thirst, and they were constantly warring with bloodthirsty mosquitoes.

At sundown, the glad cry of Koshkonong rang along the line from the scouts in advance, and harassed soldiers urged their jaded horses forward to the summit of the rolling prairie.

"This stream is the outlet of Lake Koshkonong, Captain Horn," said Abraham Lincoln, "and ten miles to the northeast lies the lake."

"Some one must call a halt to the boys' drinking, or there will not be a drop left for the horses," laughed the Captain, "and we insignificant officers are entirely lost sight of."

"Never mind, Captain," returned Lincoln, "the lake is at your disposal."

"We have the Hawk at close quarters!" said Elijah Kilbourn, approaching with a Winnebago guide. "We picked up these scalps and camping dishes in one of the deserted villages bordering the lake, which proves that they are in a desperate condition."

"Yes, an enemy's scalp is their proudest trophy," replied Lincoln, "and they must have been hard pressed to throw away their dishes. It indicates that they have no food in store."

"Black Hawk's band eat roots, moss and nuts," exclaimed the Winnebago guide. "No food, no time to hunt or fish. They starving and clothes all tattered rags."

"The bits along the trail prove that," replied Captain Horn; "and Black Hawk cannot be far away. The Army is arranging our camp in the timber skirting the outlet. Let us stroll on to mess quarters. I am a famished man."

They hastened across the open prairie to the grove which sheltered the camp, and edged their way between the crowds hovering about the cook's quarters. They secured a cup of coffee, bread and meat sandwiches and found comfortable seats overlooking the stream.

"Our spy battalion is to camp in the vicinity," announced Bill Greene. "We shall be ordered out on scouting duty tomorrow to scour the swamps about Lake Koshkonong."

"Who told you?" asked Captain Horn.

"Captain Early. He instructed me to pass the word along to the boys."

"And what are the rest of us to do?"

"General Atkinson wishes to select a suitable site for a fort and to erect one at once. The Winnebago guide suggests the hill some nine miles away."

"Why did the Indian suggest that site?" questioned Captain Horn.

"The Indian insists that the Hawk has abandoned Koshkonong and is hiding around the lakes further north. General Atkinson thinks it best to establish his headquarters midway between the lakes. The fort will be equally accessible to all the scouting parties. He expects to make short work of Black Hawk, as soon as Dodge, Alexander and Posey arrive with their companies."

"Are there many lakes in this region?" questioned Captain Horn.

"Heap lakes!" responded the Indian, pointing north, south, east and west. "Wisconsin full of lakes."

"This chilly night air feels like it," said Lincoln. "Come on, boys! Let us warm up beside the campfire before we turn in for the night."

Captain Early joined them at the campfire.

"Boys," said he, "our orders are to march to Lake Koshkonong with the morning sun. It will be a day of hard

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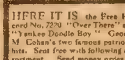

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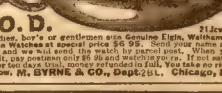

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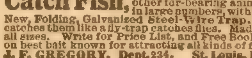

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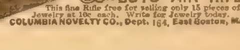

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work, scouring the unknown swamps. Make the most of the night's rest."

The men gathered in little groups about the campfire. Captain Horn and Abraham Lincoln strolled slowly to their tents. They paused at the doorway and looked out on the clear, moonlit night. The call of the loon, the whip-poor-will and mourning dove mingled with the gentle murmur of the streamlet. Occasionally from the marshes sounded the snarling of wolves challenging the wild cat's supremacy.

"These swamps seem fit abodes for the wild folks, Abe!" commented Captain Horn, with a shudder. "Civilization is not likely to gain a foothold here."

"Don't worry about that, Horn. Nature has never conquered the human mind; herein lies the supremacy of that divine spark within each one of us, to which nature ever pays tribute as a slave."

"Nevertheless, I do not relish the idea of encountering the wild things in these unknown swamps."

"Well, Horn, if they do kill us, we shall never die another death." And with that sage remark Abraham Lincoln passed into his tent.

"Horn," exclaimed Lincoln at mess on the following evening, "I have seen more live, wild animals today than I have live Indians; it is the unfortunate fate of the spy battalion to travel over forsaken trails."

"And desperate encounters with mosquitoes," laughed the Captain. "Your face looks as if you had an attack of the measles, Abe."

"Our mosquito battles are our daily drills; we would grow rusty without them, Horn. These fish we are eating are the most satisfactory result of our day's work."

"And a fortunate discovery," replied Captain Horn. "Our rations are about exhausted. We shall have to depend on nature, as do the Indians."

"Mother Nature has certainly provided generously for her improvident children about Koshkonong," said Lincoln. "We found the swamps overgrown with luxuriant masses of wild rice on which the wild fowls were feeding. Koshkonong offers unusual attractions for the huntsman. And what has been the result of your day's tramp, Horn?"

"We made our nine miles to Bark River and the officers decided to erect a fort on the hill, as advised by our guide, which we have already christened Fort Atkinson. We were making substantial progress on the fort when we were surprised by the arrival of General Alexander's brigade. Of course, further work was impossible. The men gathered about the new arrivals, eager to hear the last word from home. General Alexander reported that he had not found any Indians along the Mississippi; and he brought the good news that Colonel Dodge and General Posey were en route, via the four lakes, where they were joined by White Crow and thirty Winnebagoes, who offered to conduct them to Black Hawk's stronghold. The Crow insists that the Hawk is hiding above us at the rapids of Rock River near Lake Horicon."

"Does Dodge trust the Crow's word, after his treachery at the time he delivered the captives?"

"Dodge suspects that White Crow plans to play them into Black Hawk's hands, but Dodge and Posey feel that their united forces can successfully meet the Hawk's starving band."

"Then you did not discover any Indians between us and Bark River?"

"Nothing but deserted Indian villages, and the Indian slaughtering yard, about three miles from here, where we picked up two fine cows which the Indians had abandoned in their rapid flight, and we feasted on the milk when we reached Fort Atkinson."

"Stingy things!" cut in Bill Greene. "Jake and I threw out strong hints that the camp at Koshkonong could appreciate one of those cows, but nary an offer did they make. Never mind, boys, we are going to have some milk in our breakfast coffee."

When reveille sounded the men were delighted to behold a red heifer grazing along the banks.

"See how we disguised her, Abe!" confided Bill, as they gathered about their treasure. "That cow wore a stub tail when we left Fort Atkinson, but we found a long tail in the slaughter yard. I defy any one to tell where it is attached."

"It is a remarkable work of surgery, Bill," said Lincoln, "and we shall not starve while the heifer remains our property."

The bugle called to morning drill. In the midst of the drill, General Atkinson, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, rode into view and reined up near the heifer.

"Boys," began the General, "we have lost one of our cows at Fort Atkinson."

"Indeed!" cried Lincoln, standing near by. "That is sad news, General."

"But," continued the General, "I came over to say that if that cow of yours had a stub tail I should say it was ours."

"But, General," declared Lincoln, "she hasn't a stub tail, has she?"

"No, Mr. Lincoln, she certainly has not a stub tail."

"Well, then, she isn't your cow?"

"I fear that I shall have to waive my claim. You will make a good lawyer, Mr. Lincoln."

"What news from Dodge and the Hawk, General?" asked Governor Reynolds.

"The Winnebago Indian, Decorah, brought word this morning that the Hawk is secreted on an island in the White River. I immediately dispatched an express rider to Colonel Dodge, requesting his immediate return to Fort Atkinson, and I desire your forces to continue scouring this region. I have all my men out in the country between us, and I will proceed to the island upon the return of Colonel Dodge. Let us have united action, Governor Reynolds, and at once finish with Black Hawk."

"You may depend on that, General," replied the Governor, as Atkinson galloped away.

The Army spent the two following days chasing thru the swamps and bog without finding any fresh trails of Black Hawk. They returned to camp at the end of the second day, weary, discouraged and hungry.

"Grub's all gone!" growled Jake. "Not a thing to eat but the fish we brought with us and the milk."

"Our condition is certainly desperate," said Governor Reynolds, "and demands immediate action. Colonel Taylor, will you and Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, Lieutenant Robert Anderson, Captain Horn and Abraham Lincoln, accompany me to Fort Atkinson as soon as we have finished our fish lunch?"

"Certainly," replied Colonel Taylor. "Our needs are urgent, and we must come to a definite understanding with General Atkinson tonight."

Half an hour later, the Governor and Colonel Taylor led their companions along the wilderness trail connecting the two camps. Twilight was fading into night when they sighted Fort Atkinson and sounded the Army call.

"I wonder what has happened!" ejaculated the Governor. "Some unusual commotion stirs the camp."

"Dodge has arrived!" exclaimed Colonel Taylor. "Here he comes with General Atkinson."

"Welcome to Wisconsin, gentlemen," said Colonel Dodge, advancing with outstretched hand. "How does our vast territory impress you?"

"A mess of swamps and trembling forests," grumbled Governor Reynolds, "fit only as the abode of wild beasts and Indians."

"Your judgment is awry, there, General," remonstrated Colonel Dodge. "Wisconsin resources are limitless and in time will surpass Illinois. I predict, sir, that Wisconsin will become one of the great States of the Union. Move over the line, Reynolds, and we will elect you Wisconsin's first Governor."

"You are welcome to that honor, Dodge. I'm pining to return to civilization. Starvation faces us at Camp Koshkonong, General Atkinson. I come to inform you that I start for Illinois tomorrow, and my staff accompany me."

"Come over to the campfire, gentlemen," said General Atkinson, leading the way and arranging his guests around the fire. "Food must be secured at once. Our nearest point of supply is Fort Winnebago, eighty miles away. It does seem as tho the fates were against us in this campaign. An express arrived today from General Winfield Scott, saying that he had reached Chicago with one thousand of the Federal troops, but cholera has broken out in camp, and it is impossible for him to join us. He has decided to proceed to Rock Island as soon as the troops are able to move."

"A lucky decision, General," said Colonel Taylor. "Cholera would make short work of our camp, worn out with hunger and exposure. The fact is half of our men are useless and ought to be sent home while they are able to travel."

"I agree with you, Taylor," said Jefferson Davis. "What is the use of any of us staying if the Hawk cannot be located?"

"The Hawk is securely ambushed at the rapids of Rock River," explained Colonel Dodge, "and White Crow would have led us into the trap. General Atkinson's summons for us to return saved us from annihilation at the hands of the Hawk's bands."

"White Crow is a two-faced Judas," declared Captain Horn. "He will play Black Hawk into our hands for a tip."

"The Winnebagoes are a treacherous set," agreed General Atkinson. "The one-eyed Decorah purposely lied when he told me that the Hawk was hiding in the islands of White Water River. He wanted to give the Hawk a chance to escape to the Mississippi."

"And what is the use of our floundering among these unknown swamps?" sputtered the Governor. "Our homes and families remain unprotected and without provisions. I tell you, Black Hawk's skill in mixing his trails makes it impossible to catch him. I repeat this campaign is a failure. Black Hawk cannot be captured. What say you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"The Hawk's sagacity in blinding his trails reminds me of the short-legged man in a big overcoat, the tail of which was so long that it wiped out his footprints in the snow. A third of our present forces could finish the Hawk's starving band in open conflict."

"Just so, Lincoln," cut in Zachary Taylor, "and our horseless men and spy battalion are no longer useful to the campaign."

"You advocate mustering them out of service, Taylor?"

"The sooner the better, before they are too starved and sick to make the journey home."

"Very well, Lieutenant Robert Anderson, will you muster them out of service in the morning? I am sorry, General, that you leave us mortified with the failure of our military tactics in Wisconsin. But I assure you we shall remain until Black Hawk is captured."

"I wish you the best of luck, Atkinson," replied Governor Reynolds. "But my duties as Governor of the State of Illinois require that I return to my post and protect our frontier."

"I agree with you in that action, Governor. And Posey's brigade had better return to Fort Hamilton to protect the mining regions. And now, gentlemen, who will go to Fort Winnebago?"

"I am your man, General," responded Colonel Dodge.

"Better take Henry's and Alexander's

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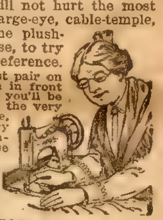

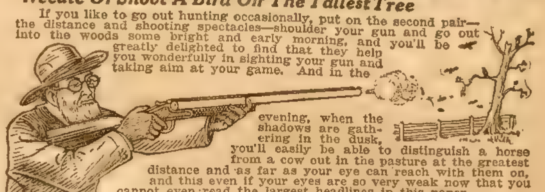

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"That we will, General: I will arrange for an early start."

"Come, Taylor," urged Governor Reynolds. "It is time we were moving toward Camp Koshkonong. I want to be moving with the rising sun."

"We will share our scanty provisions with you, gentlemen," said General Atkinson. "Give the order at mess quarters, Whitesides."

"Colonel Taylor said Colonel Dodge, "I would like to have Captain Horn as my companion in our expedition to Fort Winnebago."

"Take him and deal with the young man as you see fit."

"By the way, Captain Horn," exclaimed Colonel Dodge, "has the express delivered the letter which he found awaiting you at Galena?"

"No!" answered Captain Horn, springing to his feet. "Come on, Abe, and help me locate the man."

They hastened over to the campfire near mess quarters and Horn secured the letter. Tearing it open as he crouched over the fire, he scanned the finely written pages. Then he tucked it into his inner pocket, slipped his arm within Lincoln's and turned toward the officer's campfire.

"It is from Sylvia, Abe," he said.

"Well! That is the first bit of good news we have received since coming into Wisconsin. What on earth makes you so solemn, Horn?"

"Abe, I don't think that I stand a ghost of a show with Sylvia, excepting upon a brotherly basis."

"Why, Horn?"

"It is as I told you, Abe. The girls are the guests of Governor Clark, at St. Louis. The officers are showering them with attentions. Unless these men are blind as bats, they will lose their heads and hearts, and surrender to Sylvia's golden brown hair and fawnlike eyes and airs."

"It takes two to make a bargain, Horn. Does Sylvia say that she has surrendered?"

"No; her letter is one tribute of gratitude to the many friends they have met. Governor Clark has raised five hundred dollars for their benefit, and the girls have requested my father to act as guardian and invest the funds in Illinois lands."

"What has become of your wits Horn? If the girls have decided to accompany your father into Illinois, they have not surrendered to any officer at Jefferson Barracks. Wake up, young man!"

"I am pledged to stay thru this campaign. Months may pass before I see Sylvia, and the unexpected may occur in that time."

"See here, Horn! I'm going to hunt up Sylvia when I return, and I will send you word which way the wind blows."

"And probably you will win the lucky card."

"No danger on that score," laughed Lincoln. "Horn, I have never told you how I obtained my jackknife. A stranger rode into New Salem one day and reined up beside me on the road.

"'Excuse me, sir!' said he, 'but I have an article which belongs to you.'

"'How is that?' I asked.

"'This knife was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a homelier man than myself. Allow me to say that you are entitled to the property.'

"And, Horn, the knife is likely to stay by me to the end. Don't forget my heart went awry over Ann Rutledge. But I have come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason I can never be satisfied with any one who would be blockhead enough to have me. I want to plead the cause of my friend, William Horn, before Sylvia."

"Abe, I believe you would lay down your life for a friend."

"Friendship is worth it. As I journey thru life, Horn, I want to plant a flower for every thistle I find."

"What will you do, Abe, when you reach home?"

"Finish my political speech, which the Governor's summons interrupted."

"And how do you think this campaign will end?"

"With great suffering to the Indians. Consider our hardships, Horn, with the United States Government behind us to provide us food and clothing. And what must be the condition of the Indians with no resources, no food, no shelter? We are pursuing a band of starving, destitute Indians. I am glad that I shall not see the end. I know our men. For the Indians it will be a sad and brutal end."

"You have been the Army's good angel, Abe. You have cheered, coaxed, comforted and soothed the harsh natures and saved us from mutiny and disbandment."

"Well, Horn, I desire to live until I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it. We must meet again when the war is over. Let me hear from you."

"Certainly, if I have the chance; but remember that no news is good news."

"Ah, my young friend, that rule does not always hold good, for a fisherman does not consider it good luck when he can't get a bite."

And with these words, Abraham Lincoln sprang into his saddle and urged his horse after his comrades, headed toward Camp Koshkonong.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT FORT WINNEBAGO.

ABOVE the sound of the beating drums and the bugle call rose the clatter of horses' hoofs approaching Fort Koshkonong.

"It is Elijah Kilbourn," said Captain Horn, looking over the line of mounted men awaiting the command, "Forward, march!"

"Any fresh disaster at Koshkonong, Elijah?" questioned General Atkinson.

"No, sir. Taylor thought my acquaintance with the scouts at Fort Winnebago might be of service in this campaign."

"Undoubtedly you will, Elijah. In what spirits did you leave Governor Reynolds and his company?"

"They are already on the trail leading toward Illinois. Harrison and Lincoln had the misfortune to have their horses stolen, and some other horses were too worn out for the journey; but the mounted men agreed to share their ponies with the footmen and the company marched away cheering."

"Swing alongside of Captain Horn, Elijah," called Colonel Dodge.

"Forward, march!"

And the three columns swung along beyond the blockhouses, led by General Henry, General Alexander and Colonel Dodge.

"We have a muddy trail before us," confided Elijah to Captain Horn. "The rains have soaked the swamps."

About the middle of the following afternoon the marching columns emerged from the mud of Mau-zhee-gaw-gaw swamp, and cut across the corner of the thirty miles of prairie stretching toward Fort Winnebago.

An hour later Elijah shouted: "The Fox River ahead, boys, and over to the west rolls the Wisconsin!"

Beyond them glided the Fox River, and sloping up from the low bank spread a broad plateau covered with the buildings comprising Fort Winnebago. The principal buildings stood on the side of a square, with heavy, compact blockhouses situated at the northeast and southwest corners of the quadrangle. The fort was inclosed by a solid picket, with double gates for openings. The main buildings were one-and-one-half-story structures, painted white, with sharply pointed roofs and uniform dormer windows. Outside of the picket ranged the hospital, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop and traders' stores and offices.

"There is Pierre Pauquette, the half-breed scout, coming out of the sutler's office," called Elijah Kilbourn. "He is the strongest and most valuable man at the fort. Hi! Hi! Pauquette!"

The man turned and waited. He was joined by a companion from the sutler's office. The gates of the picket opened and three men followed by a small guard joined Pauquette.

"John Kinzie! How are you?" exclaimed Colonel Dodge, swinging from his horse and advancing to the three men, followed by General Henry, General Alexander, Captain Horn and Elijah.

"Colonel Dodge! What luck!" ejaculated John Kinzie. "Gentlemen, Fort Winnebago was never in greater need of protection. What good fairy sent you to our rescue?"

"We have come soliciting rations for our famished Army at Fort Armstrong," replied General Henry.

"Does Black Hawk menace Fort Winnebago?"

"We fear so. Come up to the fort, gentlemen, where we can go over the situation with some comfort. Our men will assist the soldiers to pitch their tents outside the pickets."

"You find us keeping bachelor's hall, gentlemen," explained John Kinzie, escorting his guests to seats on the fort porch.

"The Winnebagoes on this reserve were becoming restless and sullen, holding frequent secret councils; and we thought it a discreet move to send our families to Prairie du Chien. They have comfortable quarters at Fort Crawford."

"Is Black Hawk in communication with your Indians?"

"Satterlee Clark, our sutler, and our scout, Pierre Pauquette, are certain of it. What say you, Satterlee?"

"It is a fact that Black Hawk camped at Swamp Lake, eight miles from here, a week ago, and he purposed burning the fort and massacring the thirty inmates comprising our garrison. The news of General Atkinson's arrival saved us. The

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Hawk fled to his stronghold to protect his women and children."

"And where is this stronghold, Clark?" questioned General Henry. "We have been pursuing the Hawk's shadow until Governor Reynolds became disgusted and started home. The Governor insists that Black Hawk cannot be captured. What say you, Pierre?'

"The Hawk is hiding at the rapids of Rock River," replied the scout. "The White Pawnee returned from a hunt in that vicinity two days ago. He fell in with Black Hawk's scouts. The Pawnee has a straight tongue. He tells the truth."

"Can we engage the Pawnee and yourself as guides to pursue the Hawk?" questioned General Alexander.

"I give you my word of honor," replied the scout, "that the Pawnee and myself will accompany you until the war is ended. Black Hawk's people are dying every day from hunger and exposure; but they mean to escape to their own grounds across the Mississippi, and they will fight to the last man rather than surrender."

"Pierre alone can capture several of the Hawk's band," boasted Satterlee.

"Show the gentlemen what you can do with the Colonel's horse, Pierre."

The scout descended the steps and strode toward Colonel Dodge's horse, grazing on the lawn fronting the fort. Pierre was a magnificent specimen of the French half-breed at 32. He was perfectly proportioned, measuring six feet two inches in height, balanced by two hundred and forty pounds weight, graceful and supple, with the soul of generous hospitality gleaming in his piercing black eyes.

He seized the horse's mane a moment, then slipped under her, swung his arm around her hind legs, braced his back against her stomach and lifted her off the ground and carried her to fresh grass before the astonished creature wakened to offer resistance

"Pierre Pauquette," shouted Colonel Dodge, "the fort has a brave defender in your strength. How long have you been here

"I helped Jefferson Davis build this fort in 1828 and 1829. During the winter of 1828 Davis took a gang of men up to the Dells of the Wisconsin and prepared the logs for this structure. They were floated down the Wisconsin on rafts in the spring. Davis was very handy in the carpenter shop. When the other boys were amusing themselves with cards and dancing, Davis was hammering on some chair, couch, or cupboard for the interior of the house."

"And they are very ingeniously designed," cut in John Kinzie. "My wife christened them 'the a la Davis design.' Davis is a clever fellow and always a gentleman. There is the cook's summons to dinner," he continued, leading the way into the dining-room. "This is a Davis table, gentlemen, and chairs by the same designer'

"And exceedingly comfortable to the man who has endured two days' jogging in the saddle," said Captain Horn.

"Let us have our smoke with the boys about the campfire," suggested Colonel Dodge. "We are a tired crowd."

"Yes," replied General Henry, "we need a good night's rest, and must be off with the morning sun"

"Will you not lodge in the fort, gentlemen?" urged Satterlee Clark.

"Thank you, no," replied General Henry. "Our presence in camp will maintain quiet."

The tents were crowded close together on the open plateau, the campfire smoldered in front of them to smoke away the mosquitoes

"A well-earned night's rest to you all,' said John Kinzie, as they separated at the officers' tent.

Half an hour later not a sound disturbed the quiet of the camp save the tread of the horses grazing on the plateau beyond the tents. The fire had dwindled to smoke and night hovered over the camp.

At midnight the sleepers were startled by a roar like thunder, and the next instant five hundred horses, crazed with fright, galloped madly over the camp, trampling over the tents and the half-awakened soldiers. The call of the drum and the bugle added to the uproar; above the din sounded the officers' call:

"To arms! Defend the fort against Black Hawk and his eight hundred warriors"

"'Tis an earthquake!" shouted a man from a center tent

"No, it is a tornado and hurricane combined," called Elijah Kilbourn, in smothered tones. "Can't some one strike a light?"

The crippled men struggled with the impediments heaped upon them. The blackness of the night added to their helpless condition. And before many of the men had succeeded in extricating themselves the roar sounded again, and the horses returned with the fury of a tornado, hopelessly wrecking such tents as had escaped their first attack, and rendering the men still more battered and helpless.

Meanwhile the inmates of the fort were aroused, and hurried about the camp with lanterns, striving to extricate the men and pacify the frenzied horses

"It is a stampede, gentlemen," said John Kinzie, making his way to the official tent. "Evidently some thieving Indians started the horses off in a panic. Are you hurt?"

"A bit battered," answered Colonel Dodge. "Just hold the lights so we can disentangle ourselves, and we will lend a hand in repairing the wreck."

"This way, Pierre Pauquette," called John Kinzie

The Frenchman lifted the overturned tent to one side and assisted the others to their feet. Slowly they made their way among the wrecked tents; six of the men were carried to the fort, where their wounds were cared for by the fort surgeon. The gray dawn revealed the haggard, discouraged set of men.

"We have lost a day by this escapade," said General Alexander.

They strode on over the portage to the Wisconsin banks and counted thirty-seven horses lying dead along the way.

"Poor beasts!" ejaculated Colonel Dodge. "They were frenzy blind. Just dashed their brains against the trees."

"That is a common occurrence among frightened horses, Colonel," said Satterlee Clark. "All the horses look rather the worse for wear."

"Yes," admitted General Henry. "It means that we must devote this day to hunting up our lost horses and rejuvenating the entire lot. Their condition leaves us in sadder plight than if we had met the enemy in battle."

"Let us adjourn to mess," suggested John Kinzie. "The men will face the day's work after a warm breakfast."

The meal was scarcely finished when Pierre appeared with White Pawnee.

"The horses followed the trail over which they came," announced the half-breed scout. "The White Pawnee discovered several so disabled that he considered it a deed of mercy to shoot them."

"This renders our condition more desperate," said General Henry.

"Our men must secure every available horse."

The Army separated in four different directions, and returned at 4 in the afternoon with about one hundred horses.

General Henry immediately assembled his forces for council.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the White Pawnee and Pierre Pauquette assure us that Black Hawk is camped at the rapids of Rock River. They offer to guide us to the spot. It is my opinion that we ought to accept their offer and start early tomorrow morning."

"I object, General Henry," exclaimed General Alexander, springing to his feet. "General Atkinson orders that we return with the provisions at the earliest possible moment, and I refuse to disobey that order."

"General Atkinson placed me in command of this expedition, sir," retorted General Henry. "The capture of Black Hawk is the mission of this campaign We have repeatedly lost this opportunity by reporting to General Atkinson and giving Black Hawk time to disappear. Our hesitating, uncertain military tactics in Wisconsin are a disgrace to our Army. I am determined to begin this pursuit tomorrow. Where do you stand, Dodge?"

"With you, sir," replied Colonel Dodge. "But not more than half of my men are fit for the journey. I suggest that the disabled men return with General Alexander's brigade."

"I have no objections, sir," cut in General Alexander. "I plan an early start in the morning and shall return over the trail on which we came."

With sounds of drum and fife the two companies bade farewell to Fort Winnebago and struck their separate trails. Pierre Pauquette and the White Pawnee led the procession searching the Hawk's trail. Behind them rode General Henry, Colonel Dodge, Captain Horn and Elijah Kilbourn, followed by the company of one hundred men.

It was an exhausting three days' march, cutting their way thru underbrush, swamps and bogs, which cost them several horses. At 2 o'clock of the third day the scouts shouted:

"Rock River rapids before us!"

The swash of the waters was music to the jaded travelers. A sharp bend brought them to the river banks. The scouts sprang from their horses and sped northward and fell upon three Winnebagoes.

"Where is Black Hawk?" questioned Pierre.

"Gone to Cranberry Lake," replied the Winnebago

Pierre reported the information to General Henry.

"The Army must have a night's rest before we face the Hawk," replied the General. "Boys, we will pitch camp here. Dodge, please dispatch an express to Fort Atkinson announcing our plans."

An hour later the express riders were on the trail, accompanied by a Winnebago guide.

The Army made their night's bivouac on the bank of the Rock River, and retired to rest immediately after mess. Shortly before midnight a musket shot startled the camp. It was followed by the sentinel's call, "Who comes?"

"Express!" rang out in the night air.

In another moment they approached

(Continued on Page 31.)

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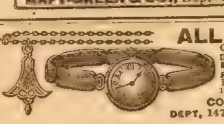

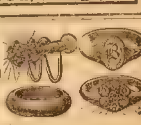

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THE FEUD OF THE SCHOOLS

By Gerald Harden

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CHAPTER V.

LAYING THE MINE.

UP AT Adelphi the hazing of Jimmy Dalton was a three days' delight. The participants became heroes overnight. The narratives of the affair grew so rapidly—in fact, that by Monday night they pictured the victim going home in a complete garb of egg yolks, while the auto was declared fit only for the scrap heap.

With the exhilaration over the humiliation of the star pitcher of Hazeldean came a growing confidence in the ability of Adelphi to win the crowning event of the spring athletic season—the annual clash at baseball.

"And besides," announced Tacks Beeston to a group discussing the outlook on a campus corner a day later, "it's going to be easy, because they're going to be weak in the box. We can hit anybody they've got except Dalton. And they won't pitch him, that's a cinch."

"How's that?" inquired Captain Allison.

"Why, in the first place, they wouldn't dare to let Dalton face us, for we'd laugh him off the field. And in the second place, he won't pitch, because his arm has gone back on him."

"How do you know? Who said so?" Everybody in the group aided in the bombardment of questions.

"Joe Golding called me up this afternoon from Hazeldean and asked me what odds we were going to give on the game Saturday," explained Tacks. "Joe's a good scout. His folks used to live in the same town my folks do, but they moved across the line the year before Joe was ready for college. 'Odds?' I says to him 'How do you figure that? You always beat us on the diamond.' 'We won't this year, tho, I'm afraid,' he answers. 'We're in bad shape.' 'How's that?' says I. 'Well, you see,' he comes back, 'we've only got one good pitcher, anyway, and now I guess we've lost him.' 'Dalton, you mean?' I asks. 'You guessed right the very first time,' he says. Honest, from his voice I could almost see the tears in his eyes. So I asks, kind of consolingly, 'What's the trouble?' 'That's just it,' Golding says, 'We don't know ourselves. We don't know whether it's his arm or his heart. Say, you fellows gave him a tough deal Sunday night.' I had to laugh right out when he says 'his heart.' Gee! I thinks, maybe the eggs made even that yellow. Anyway, I finally bet him five to four that we'd win. I had to shame him into it at that."

"Joe Golding bets only four dollars on the game?" exclaimed Bud Northcote. "Why, he usually bets twenty-five on the football game. They sure must be in a blue funk down there."

"Well, let's cover every last cent we can prod them into putting up," urged little Tommy Castle, the guitar strummer. "I'm a poor man, but I'm ready to risk an X."

"We've all got a rich chance to make our vacation spending money easy," said Captain Allison. "I'm sure our team can clean up this year. I'm going to put up twenty-five, if I can get any of those fellows to cover it."

"The best way, I think," suggested Beeston, "is for us to put all our money into a pool, and then send somebody down to Hazeldean with it, and get it all placed at the best odds we can."

"Good! Put me down for ten dollars," agreed Harry Burton.

"And me for ten," echoed Northcote.

"I'll risk five." "I'll go ten." "I'll put up five." "I'm game for twenty," other members of the group announced.

Twenty-four hours later Adelphi had raised more than eight hundred dollars to go into the betting pool. Tacks Beeston was delegated to go down to the rival college and place the money at the best odds obtainable.

Arranging for the trip by telephone, Beeston showed up in Hazeldean Thursday with his pockets bulging with yellow-backs.

Hazeldean students were ready for him. They, too, had quietly collected a betting fund. Joe Golding had been made its custodian. He found himself holding an even thousand dollars when he went to meet Beeston coming down by train.

"Gee whiz!" he muttered, as he felt in one pocket after another to see that his treasure was safe. "If we lose this we'll all be walking home when school closes."

"Come down for some easy money, [illegible]" he greeted the Adelphi envoy, as Beeston alighted.

"Sure thing," replied Tacks. "We haven't had such a good chance in five years."

"Well, how loud is your dough talking?"

"Eight hundred dollars' worth."

"I'll put up five hundred on Hazeldean against it," declared Golding.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Beeston. "It's even money, or our fellows don't bet."

"Even money?" scoffed Joe. "You must be crazy. You'd better take the next train back home."

"It's an even thing. You know it is. An even thing with Dalton out," argued Tacks.

"No, it isn't an even thing. We're all shot to pieces—and you know why," insisted Golding, significantly.

"You don't expect to use Dalton, then?" asked Beeston, outright.

"You wouldn't think so if you saw him," replied Joe, evasively.

"Well, I'll put up our eight hundred against your seven," proposed Tacks, "but I'm sure the fellows will be sore that I didn't get even money."

"You're on," agreed Joe. "We'll let Brahm, the bookseller, act as stakeholder, if you don't mind. He's a decent chap."

"That suits me," assented the Adelphi man.

"And now I'll bet you another three hundred," announced Golding.

Beeston looked at him in surprise.

"Seems to me you're getting almighty [illegible] a hair," he said.

"We're pretty good sports down here," Joe replied meaningly.

"Well," said the emissary from Adelphi, a bit dubiously, "I'll see what I can do to accommodate you when I get back, but you can be sure right now that you won't get anything better than even money."

The fifteen hundred dollars wagered was placed in the hands of Brahm, the bookseller, as stakeholder, and Beeston went back home, but all the way his mind was occupied with the confidence Golding showed when he offered to bet the extra three hundred.

"I begin to suspect," he reported to the students at Adelphi, "that they're laying some kind of a plant for us."

"Yes, likely as not they're planning to spring Dalton on us as a last-minute surprise," suggested Captain Allison.

"Then there's one thing we've got to do," declared Harry Burton, decidedly.

"And what's that?" chimed the chorus.

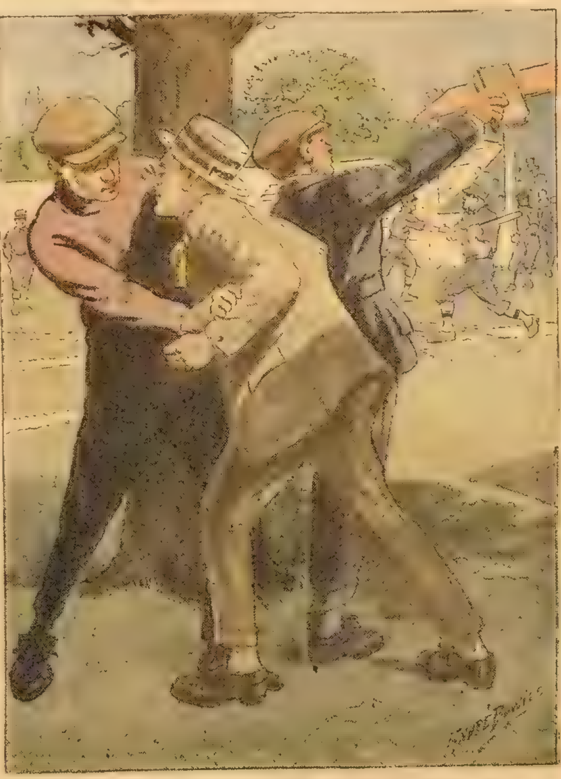
"Send somebody down there secretly and get onto their plans, if their practice shows any," Burton replied.

"But who'll be the goat?" snapped Golding.

"I'll be the goat," spoke up little Tommy Castle. "I'll beard the lion in his den."

"They're likely to make it blamed unpleasant for you if they discover you," warned Burton.

"Not half so unpleasant as we made it for Jimmy Dalton," returned the volunteer with a grin.



"Come On Over—All of You! We've Caught an Adelphi Spy."

To Refresh Your Memory

HAZELDEAN and Adelphi colleges are bitter rivals. It is unwritten law that the students of one may not keep company with those of the other. But Jimmy Dalton of Hazeldean admires Madalyn Lester, daughter of an Adelphi professor. The tires of his motorcar are punctured and he is pelted with eggs when he takes Madalyn for a ride. The Hazeldean boys determine to avenge the insult to their star pitcher. They spread the report that his arm is injured and that he is likely to be in poor shape when the rival baseball teams meet.

This story began in the March 2, No. 9, issue of the Ledger. Back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

UNMASKING THE SPY.

LITTLE Tommy Castle, a junior in Adelphi despite his apparent juvenility, "cut" two recitations on Friday afternoon, and with an abundance of outward bravado and a good deal of inward trepidation set out for Hazeldean. His mission was to learn who was to play on the Hazeldean nine on the following afternoon, and particularly whether or not Jimmy Dalton, the terror of rival college batsmen, was to do the pitching.

Nonchalantly he sauntered to the fence of Slayton Field—as the athletic grounds at Hazeldean were called—climbed watchfully over and unobtrusively flung himself down at the foot of a tree beyond the playing field.

He had provided himself with a book and was apparently deeply immersed in its contents when, shortly after [illegible] o'clock, the Hazeldean baseball team spread itself out over the field in what was to be its last practice before the crucial game of its season on the morrow.

Instantly Castle disposed himself so that glancing over the top of his book he had a clear view of the playing ground. Having already seen the Hazeldean team in action for a couple of years, he knew most of the members.

There was Big Ed Bannon, who stood six feet three inches in his stockinged feet, on first base, and Johnny Lambertson, the ambidextrous, on second, and Black Carman, the swarthy mite, at short, and Henry Galt, who bulked bigger than any other man at Hazeldean, on third.

And there were Kid Harriman, the star intercollegiate half-miler, and Steel Nichols, so named because of his powerful right arm, and Bing Duggan, the fence-buster, cavorting around after occasional fly balls in the outfield.

And there was Rexy Lord holding forth behind the bat, while a group of players, one by one, went up to the plate to take a swing at the ball.

And who was that shooting up the ball with such amazing speed and deceptive jerks that not one of the batters was able more than to tick it?

Yes, who was it? Castle dropped his book and rubbed his eyes the better to see. Surely this was not the man whom Hazeldean had led Adelphi to believe was suffering from a sore arm? Surely this was not the man of whom Adelphi had a well-founded dread?

"Gosh all hemlocks, but it is!" muttered Tommy. "It's Jimmy Dalton, as sure as I've got both eyes in the front of my head. Gee, if he can pitch like this in practice with nothing at stake, he'll have our fellows standing on their heads when they face him tomorrow!"

Nor was there any let-up in Dalton's work. Five, ten, fifteen minutes he kept to his task of hurling the ball to the baffled batter.

"Say, if he's got a sore arm," grunted Castle, "every one of our boys is sick in bed. If he pitches like that tomorrow, wow! We're done for. We won't have a chance. And all our eight hundred 'bones' gone and my little 'tenner' with them. Oh, my! Oh, my! This'll be sad news to take back to Adelphi!"

"What's that you're saying?" a strange voice demanded just behind him.

"Who are you, anyway?" insisted another strange voice.

Tommy glanced up with frightened eyes. Two young men, both a foot taller than he, stood almost over him. There was a hot challenge in their eyes and a forbidding grip in their fists.

Castle's first thought was to rise and run, but he realized instantly that such an act would be a confession of his trespass. After that, he hesitated to think what might happen.

He quickly concluded that the best course was to try to bluff his way out.

"Bad habit I've got of talking to myself, isn't it?" he began. "But it's enough to make a fellow enthusiastic and shout out his thoughts to see how well those boys over there play."

"Yes, yes, that's all right," replied one of his inquisitors, "but who are you? That's what we want to know."

"Oh, I was just strolling along and thought I'd drop in," Tommy sparred.

"Dunk, I believe he's a spy—an Adelphi spy!" cried the heavier of the two young men. With a lunge he grabbed Castle around the chest, pinioning his arms to his sides.

Dunk picked up Tommy's book as it fell in the struggle. Opening the cover and glancing at the inscription, he shouted:

"Caught! Caught with the goods! Here it reads: 'Thomas Castle, Adelphi College.'"

The man gripping the captive crunched him so tightly in his powerful arms that Tommy thought a rib would crack beneath the pressure.

"Hey, you fellows," Dunk shouted across the field, waving his arms excitedly, "come on over—all of you! We've caught an Adelphi spy."

The practice halted instantly, and a crowd of students, players and spectators came trooping to the scene. They gathered close about Tommy as they listened to the explanation of the capture.

"Sure he's an Adelphi man," declared Red-top Dalton. "Why, that's Tommy Castle sure. He plays in their glee club. I heard him in one of their affairs down at Rockingham last winter."

"Let's string him up to the limb of a tree!" cried a voice in the crowd.

"Then we'd all go hang," returned Joe Golding. "No, let's be a little more original and artistic."

"Remember the way they treated Red-top down there last Sunday night?" broke in [illegible] Galt. "Here's a place to get even."

"[illegible] fellows," cautioned Gillington. "Don't let's have any violence. We've got to make this fellow remember this occasion, but don't let us be ruffians at it."

"I tell you what we'll do," suggested Golding. "We'll just let Red-top here decide what we'll do with this butter-in."

"Great!" "Just the idea!" "Go to it, Red!" the shouts ran around the ring.

"But you mustn't make it easy," insisted Golding.

Jimmy Dalton, halfway between anger and laughter, scowled fiercely at Castle.

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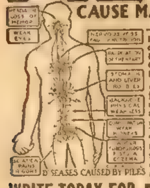

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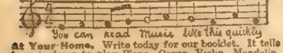

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But there was fun in his voice as he said: "Oh, as Joe Golding says, we'll have something original. But I'm not strong for the artistic However, we'll do our best'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE PUNISHMENT.

TOMMY CASTLE did not quail at the threats against him. He was game. He had undertaken a risky feat. He had been caught. He would take his punishment stoically. He watched the crowd circle around him and at Dalton's command sit upon the ground much after the manner of a tribe of redskins at an Indian powwow. There were at least a hundred of them, so they made a circle of many lines in depth.

Tommy figured once that he might try to make a break to escape, but he realized now that even tho he managed to release himself from the grip of his captor, he could never hope to make his way thru tier after tier of hostile students

Dalton sat down in front of the Adelphi man, and with a bat as a massive baton he addressed himself to Castle:

"I understand, sir, that you have a very fine voice. Favor us with a pleasant little ditty."

"Sorry," replied Castle. "but this vise around my chest makes singing quite out of the question '

"Bradden, release the wretch," ordered Jimmy

Castle threw back his shoulders as he was freed and inhaled deeply. Every one present expected to hear him break into song, but he stood silent.

"Come on with the music!" urged Dalton.

"That's one thing you can't make a fellow do if he doesn't want to," returned the captive, defiantly. "And I don't want to."

"Oh, very well," said Jimmy. "Bradden, please remove the wretch's cap."

The cap was grabbed off and elevated to the top of a baseball bat

'Now, fellows, you Trick , and Bannon and Dunk, just cut in here close, will you, and take off this wretch's shoes," directed Hazeldean's star pitcher.

Castle flushed deeply and his eyes opened wide, but he made no resistance as both shoes were quickly removed. These two were hoisted to the tops of bats and waved like a trophy of war.

"And now off with the wretch's coat," commanded Jimmy, in mock severity

The coat was frisked off without objection from its owner. To the top of a bat it also was tied

A snort of laughter ran around the excited circle.

"Heh, Red-top, this isn't the disrobing-room," chuckled Joe Golding. "Have some regard for the poor guy's feelings. They had up there for yours last Sunday night, didn't they?"

"No jokes, Joe," warned Dalton. "This is serious business. Now unbelt the wretch."

The belt around Castle's waist was quickly jerked from him There was a flash of anger in his eyes now. His hands clinched themselves nervously as tho he were preparing to take a punch at somebody

"And now off with the wretch's 'trous,'" ordered Jimmy. He had difficulty in keeping a straight face

The Adelphi man was seized by strong hands, lifted into the air and then thumped hard upon the ground. A Hazeldean student seized the cuffs of Tommy's trousers and drew them off hurriedly.

Half a dozen fellows darted out and struggled to obtain those garments. Two of them managed to get complete possession. They used two bats to elevate the latest trophy of the capture.

The crowd suddenly broke out laughingly'

"Shirt, shirt; I want his shirt!"

They kept up the din until Dalton was forced to rise and wave his weapon of authority, a bat, in order to secure silence.

"Socks first," he ordered next. "Remove the wretch's socks.'

The prostrate victim's hose were dragged off in a jiffy. They, too, quickly decorated the tops of a couple of bats Standing in a circle behind Castle, the proud holders of his purloined attire began to wave their prized possessions in unison

The crowd, laughing hilariously, kept time with the movements of the lifted bats, chanting sonorously:

"Shirt, shirt; I want his shirt'"

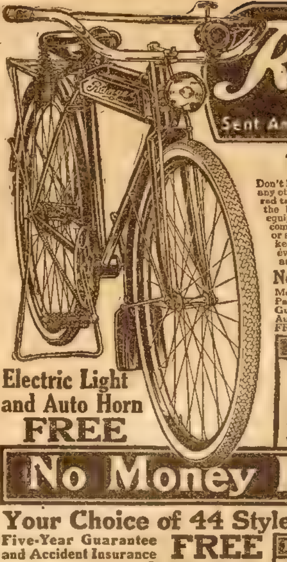
The shirt went the way of Tommy's other clothing that had been removed, and he stood revealed in a scanty suit of thin underwear. He was inwardly boiling with rage. His tongue swelled with hot words, but he managed to keep his lips closed. He decided it was wiser to restrain himself. Violence either in words or actions would only serve to increase the penalty he was paying for his temerity

"Get onto his knees," a voice in the throng shouted. "They don't touch."

There was a roar of laughter at the sally. It was repeated when another voice pealed forth.

"Naw, of course not. The wretch's bow-legged. They're all bow-legged at Adelphi

Jimmy Dalton whispered a few words to the captain's bodyguard and to the



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group that had raised Castle's wearing apparel on high. Then he shouldered his bat, and waving his hand to clear a path thru the circle, he shouted:

"Forward, march!"

Red-top leading the way, Castle, with a strong and vigilant band close about him, was forced to follow. Next came the bearers of the captive's clothes. Behind them followed a curling line of students, shouting and laughing in noisy glee.

"Jimmy, you sure did pick out something original," Joe Golding called to the leader, as the long line moved across the baseball field and then out upon the street

"Artistic, too," returned Dalton "Look at 'em," and he shook his club in the direction of the elevated exhibition of Castle's apparel.

Once out upon the street, the dimensions of the parade quickly grew. Students came running from every direction. To make clear the purpose of the demonstration the leaders started the cry:

"Spy, spy! We've caught a spy!"

Poor Castle suffered the tortures of the damned. At first he tried to look boldly into the eyes of every tormenter who faced him. But the scorn was too great. He let his head sink.

The marchers occasionally varied the hated cry. It was Red-top who began it.

"Spy, spy, spy! From Adelphi! Spy, spy, spy. Ki-yi-yi!" It boomed up and down the lines.

The adaptation of the Adelphi College yell to those base uses only served to enhance Tommy's sufferings. Townspeople, accustomed to college antics, stopped to stare and laugh at the unique performance.

As the procession passed in front of the campus, the marchers broke forth into song:

"Oh, we are the jolly fellows,
  Not much for books and school;
Tho we love the dear old campus
  That's ne'er turned out a fool.
We laugh, we sing, we shout, we cheer,
  We keep rein on our spleen;
Tho here to work, no fun we'll shirk,
  Hazel-DEAN, Hazel-DEAN."

Up thru the main street they escorted Castle amid cheers and jeers. His cheeks were alternately red with rage and white with chagrin. They finally led him to the edge of the town.

Here Red-top had his followers again circle around the captive.

"If I wanted to be real mean to this wretch," he said, in serio-comic tones "I'd treat him as his friends at Adelphi treated me—make him tramp all the way home barefooted. But five miles is some way to go with only a few rags on. Besides, I'm thinking his hoofs are sore enough already. So we'll give him his togs here."

The captured attire was flung in an indiscriminate heap at Castle's feet.

"Hope you've enjoyed yourself," said Dalton, as the captive reached for his shirt. "You've furnished us with a very pleasant afternoon."

"Spy, spy! Good-by, spy!" the crowd began to chant.

Then, with many a stinging jest, they left Tommy to his own devices

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLANK ATTACK.

TOMMY CASTLE limped painfully into the campus drug store at Adelphi. His mission was to buy arnica for his bruised feet and a sundae to cool his heated body and his boiling brain. But he forgot for a moment about his mission, for he burst in upon a group of the fellows who had planned his expedition to Hazeldean.

"Tommy, you're back alive!" exclaimed Captain Allison, as he turned from the soda fountain. "What luck?"

"Why, he looks mad," declared Tacks Beeston. "And he limps like a spavined horse. What's happened?"

"Enough and to spare!" snorted Tommy, as he sank to a chair. "They caught me."

"Caught you?" frowned Allison. "For the love of Mike! And what did they do to you?"

"Fellows, if I ever catch that Jimmy Dalton alone," Castle spat out, "I'll put more colors on his body than there's on my feet right now."

"Caught you, eh?" quizzed Beeston.

"Yes, and they made the grandest little monkey of me that's been seen either in Adelphi or Hazeldean since they shut down on organ grinders," blurted Tommy, "and Dalton engineered the whole show."

"Dalton, eh?" put in Allison. "So you saw him, eh?"

"Yes, I saw him," snapped Castle. "Saw him pitching the finest ball I ever saw in my life I never saw a big leaguer to equal his work today. I tell you, fellows, they've fooled us. Dalton's going to pitch tomorrow as sure as shooting. And if he pitches tomorrow as I saw him today, there will be nothing to it. Hazeldean will win in a walk."

The rest of the group looked blankly at one another. Every one of them was well represented in the pool that had wagered its money on Captain Allison's team.

"But tell us what happened! How did they catch you?" queried Beeston.

"Wait until I get some sustenance," returned the wearied traveler. "Tony," he called to the soda fountain boy, "give me a large dish of your coldest ice cream, sprinkle it thick with walnuts and then souse it with maple sirup."

Between mouthfuls Tommy told with great detail all the incidents of his disastrous afternoon. His group of intent listeners grinned at some of them, but gritted their teeth in anger at others. What interested them most, however, was Castle's statement that Jimmy Dalton's arm appeared to be in perfect shape to pitch a wonderful game on the morrow.

"They've tricked us," declared Beeston, angrily. "They knew all along that Dalton would be able to pitch—and at his best. They gave it out that he had a sore arm so's we'd think better of our chances to win. That's the way they coaxed those betting odds out of us."

"Oh, my poor little twenty-five bones!" sighed Captain Allison. "I suppose I might as well kiss 'em good-by right now."

"Oh, be game!" snorted Beeston. "If you're going to cave now, how's the rest of the team going to keep its courage up? I tell you we've got to beat em tomorrow."

"But how can you with Dalton twirling?" interrogated Castle. "Believe me, you fellows don't know what you're up against in that guy."

"Oh, we'll get his goat by yelling 'eggs' at him," put in Bud Northcote.

"Yes, that might have rattled him," said Castle, "if it hadn't been for the show this afternoon. Now he thinks he's even with us and he'll have all the nerve in the world."

"Tommy's right, fellows—for once," declared Beeston. "With that guy pitching, we'll have as much chance as an icicle in August."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" quizzed Northcote.

Beeston glanced slowly and inquiringly into the eyes of every member of the attentive group.

"We can't let Dalton pitch, that's all," he announced deliberately.

Brows lifted in amazement. Faces bent forward in sharp anticipation.

"What do you mean?" the inquiry came in chorus.

"Just what I said," declared Beeston. "We can't let Dalton pitch."

"But how are you going to stop him?" asked Allison.

Beeston stretched out his long arms and drew the heads of the group close to his own. Then he whispered a few words.

The fellows drew back, some in delight, some in fear, but all in astonishment.

"Great, great!" exclaimed Northcote. "Let me do it."

"Wouldn't they be a surprised bunch down there?" laughed Tommy Castle. "Gee! I want to be in on that. It'll help me get even."

"I don't know about that," said Harry Burton, cautiously. "Sounds mighty harsh—and dangerous."

"Dangerous nothing!" insisted Beeston. "It's part of the game. Besides, we can't

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General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico.

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Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S. Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list. General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man"

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician, who has studied both in this country and great European Medical institutions said. "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. If people would only take it when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that there are thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained."

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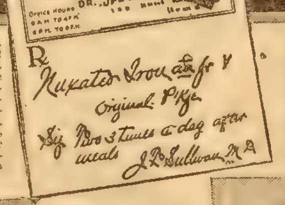
General Horatio Gates Gibson, U.S.A. (Retired), who entered the City of Mexico in the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott. General Gibson says: "Judging from the results in my own case, I feel that every soldier who goes to the front should take 'Nuxated Iron.'"



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lose that bet. We'd all be walking home when school closes. Why, I owe everybody. I need that money to square up."

"If we got caught at the scheme," argued Allison, "we'd be in mighty bad with the faculty."

"Oh, it's only a college prank, they'd decide," Tacks returned. "I'll do it alone if you fellows are scared to go in on it."

"No, no!" cried Northcote. "We'll stick. Won't we, boys?"

"Sure we'll stick," was the answer, tho not unanimously.

"But how are you going to get him over here?" asked Castle

"Easy," replied Beeston, with a grin. "It's now nearly 6 o'clock. I'll call him up on the 'phone and tell him I'm Hank Lester telephoning for my sister Madalyn. I'll tell him she wants him to come up on the evening train, that she's got something very important to tell him—about the game tomorrow. That'll fetch him, I'm thinking."

"Fetch him?" chuckled Northcote. "Say, wild horses couldn't keep him away."

"That'll get him up here a little after 8," explained Tacks. "And once we've got him in town, the rest is easy."

CHAPTER IX

THE ONSLAUGHT

SATURDAY dawned gloomy and threatening. But the countenance of the weather wasn't half so forbidding as those of Hazeldean students. For Jimmy Dalton had disappeared.

Nobody could understand it. The mystery of it was astounding. He had left the dining hall at Commons, so Rexy Lord, his roommate, remembered, to answer a telephone call. He hadn't returned to his meal, but he had left hurried evidence in his room of having donned his best togs.

As a result of the general inquiry that ran thru the college and was extended into the town proper, it developed that the stationmaster recalled selling a ticket to a young man who answered the description of Jimmy. He thought the ticket was for Adelphi.

Inquiry at the telephone office disclosed that there had been a call for Jimmy from Adelphi. But the call came from a public station and there was no way to trace who had put it in.

"It's a trick of some kind as sure as shooting," declared Joe Golding, angrily.

"Oh, he'll turn up all right before the game," said Lord.

"But if he don't," asserted Kid Harriman, ominously, "we're done."

"I'll bet we'll find some of the Adelphi bunch at the bottom of this," blurted Joe. "And if they are, by all the gods of Greece and Rome, fellows, we'll make 'em suffer!"

But in the faces of the Adelphi crowd that began to pour into Hazeldean at noon there were no evidences of any conspiracy. They came with banners and pennants and flags. They brought their mascot—a pig with a grunt they called musical. They came by train, by automobile, by carryall. They were a noisy, joyous throng. They were not certain of victory, but they were sure they were going to have a good time.

They filled the right-hand side of the grand stand at the athletic field and overflowed into the right field bleachers. They cheered their boys in practice. They cheered themselves. Then they cheered the Hazeldean crowd that occupied the left-hand side of the stand, crowded the left field bleachers and overflowed on the turf beyond.

Mothers and fathers, best girls and other girls, sisters and cousins, sprinkled liberally thru the throng, formed a florid, brilliant setting for the desperate contest to be staged.

The game began in excitement and suspense. Bud Dunnigan was in the pitcher's box for Hazeldean because, as the word ran thru the Adelphi crowd, "Tommy Dalton hadn't shown up."

Tacks Beeston, with a deep blue bruise along one cheek, looked soberly at Northcote, who sat beside him just back of the Adelphi players' bench, and winked slowly once. Tommy Castle, farther along in the front row, chuckled audibly.

Madalyn Lester, who had come to the game with her father, looked over the field in vain for a trace of Jimmy Dalton. She had come to see him play, and down in her heart she wanted to see him win. She wanted to see him the hero of the contest. But he wasn't here. Why? She set her pretty brow to wrinkling. She was trying to recall something.

The game opened badly for Hazeldean. The home team was palpably nervous. Dunnigan could not locate the plate on the first batter and had to pass him to first base. The second batter sent a teasing, twirling bunt down toward the pitcher, who, in his anxiety to make a quick play, fumbled the ball and then threw it over the head of Big Ed Bannon on first base. The runners landed safely on third and second base.

The Hazeldean stands groaned: "Oh, if Jimmy Dalton were only here!"

Another successful bunt sent an Adelphi runner down to first. The bases were full with nobody out. Captain Allison rose to the occasion. He swiped the first ball hurled to him for a long hit down the field beyond the reach of outstretched hands. He pulled up safely at second base, while three runs pattered across the plate amid ecstatic cheers from the throng of visitors.

Rexy Lord held an excited talk with Dunnigan. It ended with Bud dropping the ball and walking off the diamond. Lord called the third string pitcher to the box. He was Tad Weymouth, who threw with his left arm.

He managed to strike out the next batter. But Tiny Hamilton, the tousle-headed little Adelphi shortstop, hit the ball over Bannon's head and Captain Allison tallied the fourth run.

"It's a slaughter," Beeston said, nudging Northcote. "I'm spending my winnings already."

"Oh, oh, if Jimmy Dalton was only here!" groaned the Hazeldean stands.

Weymouth's pitching was wilder than a March wind. He passed three men in a row. The first of them stole home in his excitement. Then a fortunate double play stopped further tallying for the inning. But Adelphi cheered as tho the contest were already won.

Hazeldean's first try at the bat gave no other promise. Henry Galt hit a hard ball down the base line and was out at first. Kid Harriman smashed a long fly to the outfield, but it was caught, Bing Duggan sent a sizzler down to shortstop, but it was taken care of successfully.

The inning ended with the score five to nothing in favor of Adelphi, and Hazeldean's prospects no better than its score.

Madalyn Lester's eyes turned on the Hazeldean players' bench. She hoped to find that Dalton had appeared ready to do his large part to stay the rout of his college team. But there was no sign of that frowsy shock of red hair.

Disappointed, her eyes turned unconsciously to where a few rows in front of her Northcote and Beeston and Castle sat close together. She thought she saw a knowing smile pass between them, and again she found herself trying to recall something.

The second inning opened auspiciously for Adelphi. Weymouth still found it difficult to get his fast ball over the plate. He hit the first batter up. The second he passed with four straight balls. A groan of misery passed thru the Hazeldean followers, but the cheer leaders quickly suppressed it with a "tiger" for the team.

Adelphi matched it with a cheer for its nine—a cheer that had the ring of victory in it. Northcote, from his prominent seat, led the demonstration. As he sat down, Madalyn saw again a significant glance pass between him and Beeston. She gave a quick gasp of astonishment. She had at last recalled something.

"Father," she said softly, "you'll excuse me for a while. I'm going out of here."

She stepped into the aisle and then down to where Beeston and Castle and Northcote sat. She leaned over and tapped Bud on the shoulder.

"I want to speak with you outside, John," she said quietly.

"Who? Me?" he asked. "What for?"

Madalyn was sure she saw a glint of alarm in the surprise that crossed his ruddy face.

"I'll tell you outside," the young woman returned steadily.

But Northcote hesitated. She saw one

(Continued on Page 31.)

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5-YEAR GUARANTEE

plain polished electro gold plated case, gilt or white dial, fitted with a finely tested movement, regulated and fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper for 5 years. Or a Gentleman's, Boy's or Lady's double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem-wind and stem set, with long chain for ladies, vest chain or fob for men. When you receive it pay your postman $3 95 only and it is yours. Order at once. On account of advance in manufacturer's prices this offer may not appear again. Mention if you want a Man's, Boy's or Lady's watch. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give your full post office address.

BOSTON JEWELRY CO., 39 West Adams St., B35, CHICAGO, ILL.

STERLING FREE

High power air rifle for selling 6 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve at 25c
U. S. COMPANY, Dept. 90, GREENVILLE, PA.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is often evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.

If these danger signals are unheeded more serious results may be expected; kidney trouble in its worst form may steal upon you.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine is soon realized—that it stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you may need Swamp-Root are, being subject to embarrassing and frequent bladder troubles day and night, irritation, sediment, etc.

Lack of control, smarting, uric acid rheumatism, bloating, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are sometimes the last recognized by patients, who **very often content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease** may constantly undermine the system.

Regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that you are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.

Free to Pile Sufferers

Sure, Speedy and Safe Relief from Piles Assured by My Method of Internal Treatment. Far Superior to Ointments, Salves, Dilators, or Other Treatments that Simply Ease But Never Permanently Relieve.

Just Chew a Pleasant Tablet—Send For This Free Today

Don't Be Cut

Try This Home Treatment that Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time Free Yourself From Piles

My internal method for the relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cases, reported as cured, testify to this, and I want you to give this method a trial entirely free of any charge.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this treatment.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, ointments, dilators, etc., have failed.

I want you to realize that my method is the one infallible treatment that brings real lasting relief.

"Sample Must Have Cured Me"

Bleeding Piles For 6 Years

San Bernardino,
California.

Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Your Pile Tablets are surely wonderful. I was troubled with bleeding piles, off and on, for six years; couldn't get anything to cure them until I read your ad. in the daily paper. The sample must have cured me—I haven't been bothered since.

Yours truly,
Mrs. M. J.
MANBECK,
R. R. Route 2,
Box 96.

There isn't any doubt in the world but that my Internal Method for Treating Piles is the One Correct Way. It reaches the seat of trouble, heals and soothes, and brings relief after all other methods have utterly failed.

The first trial will surely convince you.

Now Completely Cured

At Age of 88—Enthusiastic

Homer, Mich.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:

I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON.

Cured 15 Years Ago

Never a Return

One of the most grateful letters ever received in my office is dated from Gate City, Virginia, and is signed by Mr. T. H. Quillin.

Mr. Quillin encloses his photograph (shown herewith) and writes that he used my method for treating piles 15 years ago. He states that he was cured at that time and has never had any return of his trouble. He orders a treatment for his son.

This is a case to be proud of.
E. R. PAGE.

There is a big difference between being temporarily helped—having the pain leave for a few hours or days—and being entirely freed from piles. So please notice that those whose letters are quoted especially state that they have been *cured*.

Don't let anything delay you, but write now, satisfy yourself, ask any questions, put us to the test—but above everything else send the coupon for a free trial of this most wonderful combination treatment.

Suffered for Over 25 Years

Troubled No More

1445 N. 8th St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall Mich.

Dear Sir:

It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you I am troubled no more with Piles. I am 64 years of age and have suffered for over 25 years; have tried all kinds of Ointments, etc., without success.

You are at liberty to use my name in reference to your Pile Cure and also my photograph, which I am sending you.

With best regards, I remain,
Yours very truly,
JOHN W. SHUMAN.

"I Could Not Work"

"Finally Secured Your Treatment"

Max, Minn.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:

After suffering for five years with itching and protruding piles and at times so bad that I could not work, after trying all kinds of remedies I could get hold of, I finally secured your treatment and I am completely cured.

Hoping this will help other sufferers, I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ALFRED SETTERBERG.

Only One Sure Way

Try a Package of My Internal Treatment (a Pleasant Tablet) and Forget Salves, Ointments and Unpleasant Local Applications

The only way in the world that you will ever find final relief for piles, is to treat them internally.

Don't let anyone persuade you to submit to an operation until you have at least given my method a trial.

This is not a new idea nor something that has not been given a thorough test. This system of treatment has been sold for nearly a quarter of a century, and I have received thousands of letters testifying to the truth of every claim. every statement that I have ever made.

Take advantage of this opportunity to relieve yourself of piles and their pain.

Suffered for Years "But Wouldn't Know It"

Certainly a Success

238 Broadway,
San Diego, Cal.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:

After suffering years with Piles I feel now as if I had never had them. Your remedy is certainly a success and cannot be praised too much. Had it not been for running across your ad in the World Almanac, I suppose I would be still bothered with this awful disease.

I want to thank you for your kindness, and if I ever have an opportunity of recommending it I will do so.

Sincerely yours,
E. R. RAYMOND.

FREE Pile Relief Coupon

MR. E. R. PAGE,
382C Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

Please send to me, without obligation or cost to me, a trial package of your combination treatment for Piles.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

Town. State. . . . .

Smoke Inhalation Expels Catarrh

Send Ten Cents for Trial Outfit

There must be readers suffering from chronic catarrh who would like to know how they can stop catching cold after cold, for they must realize that sooner or later this may lead to serious deafness and injury to the system in general.

Dr. Blosser, a respected physician, and for forty-three years an enormously successful specialist in catarrh, is the discoverer of a pleasant, direct method that can be used by man, woman or child.

His Remedy is made from medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette, and inhale the vapor into all the air passages. It contains no tobacco, even though it is used in the same manner.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is equally effective in all forms of catarrh, bronchial irritation, asthma, catarrhal headache and ear troubles that may lead to deafness. You will breathe better and feel better after using it.

For ten cents (in coin or stamps) a small package will be mailed, containing some of the Remedy made into cigarettes, also some Remedy for smoking in a pipe and a neat little pipe. Month's supply, either form, costs one dollar. Address THE BLOSSER COMPANY, Box 2906, Atlanta, Ga.

Do You Love Children?

Why Fear Child Birth

YOU may avoid pains and suffering as have thousands of other women all over the country by writing for Dr. Dye's wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children. Write TODAY for FREE book, postpaid. **Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 53 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.**

10 WAR SONGS FOR 10c

Our Boys on the Fields of Battle are singing them. **Our Sailors on the Sea Fighters and the Boys in Training Camps**; everyone is wild over them. THE LATEST WAR HITS such as Over There; Where Do We Go From Here; I May Be Gone For a Long, Long Time; Answer Mr. Wilson's Call; Good-bye Broadway Hello France; It's a Long Way to Berlin; Somewhere in France; We're Going Over; Send Me Away With a Smile When the Boys Come Home; and 100 others. All for **10 cts. and 2 cts. postage. PIKE PUB. CO., Dept. 8. So. Norwalk, Conn**

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C.O.D.
$1.99

FREE

Send No Money. 1918 Thin Model Guaranteed American Movement Watch, for Gent's open face silver plate finish, best time keeper sent at **Our Risk** by C O D Parcel Post Pay postman **Special Price $1 99** when watch comes and it is yours Send for yours today as these Watches are very scarce Liberty **Fob Free** if cash comes with order

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Swell SUIT FREE

PAY NO MONEY Write today for big offer and 1918 Style Book. Pick the suit you want; we will give it to you **absolutely free** in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. **No canvassing**; no previous training or experience necessary. We explain and furnish everything and help you **earn up to $40.00 extra money** every week. Send postal now before someone gets ahead of you.

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Rheumatic Ring Free

To introduce, if you send a 3-cent stamp for postage, I mail this wonderful Electric Ring **FREE**. Sends out mysterious radio-electric current said to reach entire system. Used by thousands for **NEURITIS and RHEUMATIC PAINS in all parts of body**. For size, send slip of paper cut to just meet around the third finger.

H. D. LINCOLN, 137 Dean St., Attleboro, Mass.

FREE WRIST WATCH AND RING FREE

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Stem Wind, Pendant Set, Leather Strap. Order 25 of our easy selling Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us the money and select your prize according to our list

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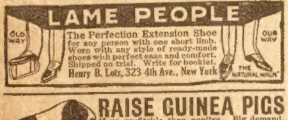

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. Henry B. Lotz, 323 4th Ave., New York

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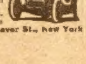
More profitable than poultry. Big demand. Thousands needed. Experience unnecessary. Send for our money-making proposition and big free illustrated book, explains all.

LABORATORY SUPPLY CO.
Dept. X. 2841 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

MEN WANTED



We positively teach you at home by mail to earn $25 to $50 weekly as Chauffeur or Repairman Students assisted to positions. Best system, lowest price. MODELS FURNISHED. Write for Free Book. **PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL, 70E, Beaver St., New York**

Breaking the Iron Ring.

(Continued From Page 8.)

News, let Cowdrick play up the story as an exclusive, and there were also printed two or three editorial "points" that poked fun at the ring.

Indeed, it almost looked as if the News was hedging, or getting ready to line up as an Independent partisan sheet Evidently the editor was persuaded that the Ring, for once, was not to have everything its own way. The change of tone sounded a hopeful note for Fay at a moment when he felt the need of it more than he had done at any time before.

It was a little after 9 o'clock when the Independent meeting broke up, for there was not much to be said or done in a formal way at that stage of the campaign. A caucus, or primary election for the making up of the Independent ticket, would be held at the same place three days later, in the evening. The regular Citizens' caucus which had placed Dwight Jackson in nomination had been a week earlier.

The Independent opposition had been slow to crystallize and the movement did not get into full swing until it was virtually decided that Arnold Fay would be its leader.

The visit of Grace Edmunds had been interrupted just as she had made a declaration which astounded Fay. She had said that she would not lead the women voters in the campaign against him. For had he not what he had reason to believe was good evidence that she had already identified herself with the hostile forces? He had been on the point of asking her to explain her position more fully when Jackson had broken in upon them.

Fay went from the assembly hall to the desk of Cowdrick, intent upon laying before him the details of his interviews with Miss Edmunds and Dwight Jackson, but the city editor of The News had gone out. Nobody seemed to know where he could be found, or when he was likely to return.

"It may be just as well that I didn't find him, after all," he decided when he had returned to his lodgings. "I'll be leaning on him too much if I'm not careful. It's a good thing to have somebody to counsel with now and then, but I can see that it will be easy to get in a way of acting from another man's viewpoint altogether. I'm either fit to handle this job, or I'm not fit, and I'll have to prove up sooner or later."

He decided it would be best, for the present, to spend the usual number of hours at his desk in the company's office. For one thing, that would look as if he intended to live up to the schedule, and at the same time it would keep new reports that he had resigned from starting. It was annoying to have to deny some sort of a false report every day.

There was plenty of mail on his desk when he arrived the next morning, and among the letters he found one addressed to him personally, in care of the office. The letter was unsigned, but otherwise it bore none of the marks of the usual anonymous communication. It addressed him as "Dear Mr. Fay," and in substance it was as follows:

> "If you comply with the request I am about to make you will understand why I have not the courage to sign this. To be caught writing to you would cost me more than I can afford to lose. At the same time I am afraid you will ignore this because it is anonymous. Well, I will have to take the chance.
>
> "If you will drive out of the city tonight on the River road at about 9 o'clock—no, call it 9:30—and stop opposite the old brick house just beyond the railroad crossing, I will be there waiting for you. Then, if you will take me into your car I will have a chance to tell you something that you will have to know unless you are willing to lose in your political fight against Dwight Jackson.
>
> "I will add, that you see me every day, and you know me to be friendly. But it isn't safe for either of us to be observed speaking together within the city limits. For that matter, your every movement is watched, and there are things brewing that you haven't dreamed of. So please trust to this in a spirit of common prudence."

Fay read the letter thru twice and then tossed it into the open grate where a small fire smoldered. He decided then to ignore the unsigned request.

But the thing would not get out of his thoughts. The letter did not read like the conventional anonymous warnings or decoys of the kind that show up occasionally in real life as well as in fiction.

"I guess I am afraid of claptrap," muttered Fay, laughing. "This Iron Ring talk suggests Black Hand and that sort of stuff. As if I must refrain from driving my car down the River road, or in any other direction, if I am inclined to do so, just because it would look like complying with an anonymous request. The one who wrote that letter is as likely as not friendly to me, but with good reason to be afraid of showing his colors. There are a good many like that in the city. Why, Mr. Benton—most any other member of the office force—would be just as fearsome, for their jobs hang in the balance."

At 8 o'clock that evening there was another brief conference of the leaders in the Independent campaign. At 9 Fay drove toward the north end of the city in his motor. The River road ran in a westerly direction, but by crossing a bridge and making a short detour, Fay came out within a short distance of the old brick dwelling mentioned in the letter, and which he remembered well as a landmark just outside the city limits.

It was beyond the limits of the municipal lighting system. There was no moon and the sky was overcast, with scattered flakes spitting out of the overhead pall, making the road gloomy enough. The automobile lights slashed the darkness ahead, but the road was so crooked that it was lit up only a few machine-lengths in advance.

Fay ran slowly to make sure if any one was waiting by the roadside. His watch told him that he was at the brick dwelling on the appointed minute.

"There seems to be nothing to it," he decided. "I will go back."

But he did not go back. He saw across one of the broad curves of the

(Continued on Page 31.)

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Our latest Bargain Book of furniture is now ready. It pictures an enormous collection of lovely things for the home at half usual prices. Its page is nearly twice as big as any other catalog. It shows a great many things in actual colors. **All are sold on credit.** It is free to you *now*.

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Just tell us what you want and we will loan it to you for a whole month on free trial. If you don't like anything, just pack it back to us.

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We open your account when we send you our book. We give you home things immediately and let you pay for them as you use and enjoy them. We gladly wait for our money. You send us only a small part of the bill as you get your money.

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Our present stocks were bought many months ago. But the quantity is limited. When they are gone we will have to raise our prices. We are printing only enough catalogs to sell out these stocks. Get your copy now.

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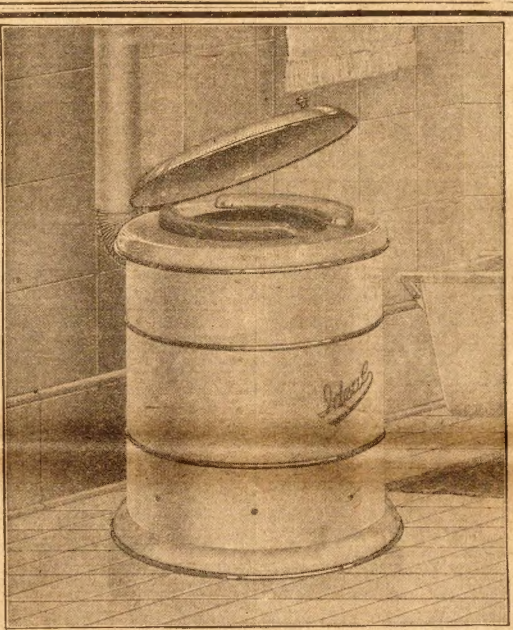

Ideal Sanitary Indoor Closet

$1.00 DOWN All you have to do is to send coupon below with $1. We will ship you this Ideal Sanitary Indoor Closet for 30 days free inspection. It you decide to keep it you can pay the balance in small monthly payments. If you do not like it we will return your $1.00 and any freight charges you may have paid. Here is your opportunity to enjoy the same advantages and comfort the city people do with expensive plumbing outfits. This Ideal Sanitary Indoor Closet requires no sewer system or water-works. Operates purely with chemicals. Send coupon with $1.00 today.

The Ideal Sanitary Indoor Closet occupies floor space of 18 1-2 inches square. Place it in your bathroom, bedroom, clothes closet or any convenient place. The contents are instantly sterilized by chemicals. We include with each closet enough chemicals to last the average family a half year. (A new supply of chemical for six months will cost only $1.75.) Requires emptying but once a month. The contents do not have to be buried. They are perfectly harmless and odorless. Can be buried or emptied on your ashpile.

Built entirely of heavy gauged steel and will last a lifetime. **Handsomely finished in gray enamel with air-tight cover and a light steel seat with mahogany cap seat.** A container which fits in side has handles for emptying and is also made of steel. Regulation toilet bowl height and can be used for children and grown-ups. Fully equipped with eight feet of ventilating pipe, two elbows, one wall plate and one three to six reducer. Also one roll of toilet paper, nickel-plated paper holder and chemical. Can be set up in 15 minutes. Shipped from Iowa factory Weight about 40 lbs.

Order by No. B4601A. Send $1.00 with order; $2.00 monthly. Price, only $18.45.

Fully Equipped The Ideal Sanitary Indoor Closet can be placed right in your bedroom or in a nearby clothes closet. You won't have to send your loved ones out into the cold, rain and wind, exposing them to the weather often, during the night, when they must leave a warm bed to go out only half dressed. Too often because of this inconvenience of going out to the outhouse, we even neglect that which is so vitally necessary to our health. But now you can protect the whole family from these discomforts, inconveniences and dangers with the Ideal Sanitary Closet. Requires no flushing. Has a large container which holds two gallons of water. In this water is dissolved some of the Ideal Chemical and closet is ready for use. This chemical is the most powerful disinfectant and deodorizer known.

Absolutely No Odor It will seem almost increditable to you that it should be possible to make an indoor closet that will be so absolutely sanitary, so convenient, so odorless. But, remember, we back this offer by a 30 days' free trial at our risk.

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Send the Coupon!

along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine Indoor Closet shipped on 30 days' trial. We'll also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today—right now.

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Straus & Schram, (Inc.)
Dept. 1823 **W. 35th Street, Chicago**

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Ideal Indoor Closet. I am to have 30 day's free trial. If I keep the closet I will pay you $2.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the closet within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ **Ideal Indoor Closet, No. B4601A, $18.45.**

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Address...

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Put X in box of catalogues you want

☐ Furniture and Stoves ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing
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SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office. Dept. 103, Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

SALESMEN AND DISTRICT ORGANIZERS with Ford car to sell Simplex Ford Starter, the only mechanical starter with a reputation for making good. More than 16,000 in use. Fits any Ford car. Sells for $12.50. Write for agency. Box 458, Simplex Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind.

SALESMEN WITH FORD DEMONSTRATE Bear crank release; no more broken arms; sample on approval. Bear Mfg. Co., Rock Island, Ill.

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STOP HERE—SELL THE EISEN REGULAtor for Ford Headlights. Going like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed—keeps bulbs from burning out—operates automatically. Wanted for every Ford. Big profits quick. Listen: Siler, Okla. sells 12 daily, profit $20. McFarland, Nebr. made $3,420 in 17 weeks. No experience necessary—we show you how. Not sold in stores. Sales guaranteed. No capital necessary. Write today for special offer. Address Eisen Instrument Co., 685 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIful new suit, made to your own measure free, and make $35 to $50 extra every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 272, Chicago.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 62 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS. I WANT TWENTY MEN AND women to act as my agents and take orders for fast selling Goodyear raincoats. We deliver and collect. Sample coat and outfit free. Write quick for wonderful offer. Goodyear Manufacturing Company, Department 225, Kansas City, Mo.

$3000 A YEAR AGENTS FOR GROCERY specialties become exclusive district distributors of fast selling product and salesmanager for your territory. Experience unnecessary. Reinshagen Company, 906c Webster Building, Chicago.

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF SCIENtific formulas embracing practically three hundred valuable, useful remedies for personal and household use. Write for free list to-day. Doctor Loesberg, 1482 Broadway, New York City.

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25% PROFIT PAID IN ADVANCE. MEN and women to take orders for "Quality Brand" guaranteed, made-to-measure raincoats, direct from factory to wearer. Complete sample outfit free. Quality Raincoat Co., 102 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS WANTED—NEW EGG SUBSTItute, quick seller $1.20 dozen packages, half off to agents post paid, hustlers make $10.00 a day. Address Nu-Eg Products Co., 17 S. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

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FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER - if you use our 1918 carburetor. 34 miles per gallon guaranteed. One-third more power. Use cheapest gasoline or one-half kerosene. Quickly starts cold motor even at zero and moves right off with full power. No spitting or popping. Slow speed on high. Fits exactly. Attach it yourself. 30 off list where no agent. Big profits selling our goods. We fit all motors. Write for 30 day trial offer and money back guarantee. The Air-Friction Carburetor Company, 548 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

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"The street cars are too crowded to suit me. They pack 'em like sardines in a box."

"Your comparison is poor. When a box of sardines is full it is full. They don't constantly keep opening the box to pack in a few more."

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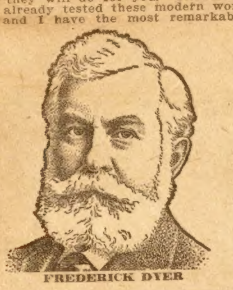

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testimonials you ever read. One tells of suffering 20 years with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Another, 78 years of age, couldn't lift right arm and one knee swollen so she had to use a cane to walk. Thousands like this.

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On Black Hawk's Trail.

(Continued From Page 23.)

the officers' tent. Colonel Dodge met them at the door.

"Woodbridge! Merryman! What's up?" he cried.

"We struck Black Hawk's trail eight miles below. He is headed toward the four lakes. The Winnebagoes lied to Pauquette when they said Black Hawk had moved north to Cranberry Lake. They so acknowledged to us, and escaped from us a short time ago. The Hawk's trail is but a few hours' old!"

"Come in and take a few hours' rest," said General Henry. "We must move on with the morning sun."

Reveille pierced the morning's mists and the cry: "On Black Hawk's trail!" wakened the drowsy men. They dispatched breakfast and broke camp. Heavy baggage wagons and camp equipage were dispensed with, and provisions packed on excited men's shoulders.

The Army struck Black Hawk's trail eight miles down the river, and headed west toward the four lakes. Their triumphant cries floated far along the forest primeval.

"Elijah Kilbourn!" called General Henry.

"Here, sir!" announced the scout, reining up beside General Henry.

"Hasten to Fort Atkinson, Elijah, and inform General Atkinson of our good luck. Tell him that we have prodded the Hawk from his lair and shall press forward for the prize. We expect General Atkinson's cooperation at the earliest possible moment. On your fleetness depends the success of your mission. Speed! Elijah! Speed!"

Black Hawk was foxier than the soldiers thought, however. Not yet was he to be trapped. Intensely thrilling is the installment which follows and which will appear in next week's Ledger.

* * *

The Feud of the Schools.

(Continued From Page 27.)

of Beeston's hands slip over on Bud's knee and squeeze it as if in warning. "Please—please come, won't you?" she entreated.

There was no resisting that appeal. Northcote's eyes had many times worshiped at the shrine of her beauty. He arose and followed her out of the stand. She led him thru the gate and into the street.

"John," she said pleadingly, "I want you to do Adelphi and me a very great [illegible] automobile here and [illegible] just as fast as the law will allow."

"But the game——" Bud expostulated.

"The game, I hope, can wait till we get back," she replied sharply.

CHAPTER X.
THE TRICK

JIMMY DALTON was a susceptible young man—when a pretty girl was concerned. Had he been a little more thoughtful he might have regarded it as a trifle strange that Madalyn Lester should telephone to him. He should have held it stranger still that she should delegate a voice that purported to be her brother's to convey the unusual message.

But Jimmy didn't stop to think of anything but the pleasure ahead of meeting the golden-curled girl, whose beauty only a few days before had prompted him to override the precedent of two score years.

So he pulled himself into his best clothes, gave his unruly red locks a dab and set out by rail for Adelphi. He was just in time to catch the evening passenger train. It landed him at his destination a few minutes before 8 o'clock. The evening was dark for June. Heavy gray clouds filled the sky and obscured a yellow moon that tried occasionally to flash its pale light to earth.

On foot Jimmy set out for the Lester home. It was not more than a brisk ten minutes' walk. He took a less direct route than that which led thru the center of town, because he did not deem it politic to show himself in Adelphi on this night before the big game. There was no telling what excited college partisans might do.

Red-top began to whistle. He was quite jubilant. Two causes for joy were uppermost in his mind. It looked like a cinch for Hazeldean to win the big game on the following day, and it was mighty nice for Madalyn Lester to ask him over here on a special mission. He wondered what it could be about.

Still wondering, he became suddenly conscious that there were two persons rather close behind them. He turned his head and gave them a quick glance. They appeared to be young men and husky ones, too. He was dimly conscious of an uneasy feeling, because they were talking in low tones.

As he neared the corner around which he must turn to reach the Lester home, a closed taxicab drew up sharply to the curb and stopped, altho the driver allowed his motor to thrum on. His uneasy feeling now began to take on the form of vague apprehension.

As he started to turn the corner he fairly bumped into two more men who were approaching in the dark. Before he could utter the "Beg pardon" that was on his tongue's tip, he felt himself seized from behind by a powerful pair of arms that held his own clasped close to his sides.

Jimmy Dalton was a prisoner, but why? Was it only a trick to keep him out of the ball game, or something more dangerous? The story will be concluded in the Ledger next week.

* * *

Breaking the Iron Ring.

(Continued From Page 29.)

highway a light, like a lantern, swinging slowly to and fro. Whether it was a signal for him or for somebody else he decided to find out. In any case the adventure would give him something besides that everlasting campaign to think about.

He shot his car ahead sounding its squawking signal. "The future mayor of Hamilton will not start out with any pussy-foot tactics," he thought.

The next moment he pulled the machine up with a jerk alongside of a one-horse express wagon that stood by the roadside. A lantern dangled under the rear axle of the wagon. Corney, the street vagrant, was on the seat, his new derby hat tilted over his eyes.

Fay felt that he had been hoaxed. He started to back his car preparatory to returning to the city without even taking the trouble to ask questions of the vagrant. It was then that a coiled noose squirmed up from the roadside and dropped deftly over his shoulders and arms. The noose tightened with a jerk and then Fay was pulled with merciless violence over the side of the car.

The Iron Ring has got Fay in its clutches at last. He can hope for no mercy. Also he is puzzled by the identity of one of his kidnapers, a woman. Fay thinks fast and—in the installment next week you will learn what he does.

* * *

Just a Few Slips.

A little boy carrying some eggs home from the shop dropped them.

"Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told her of it.

"No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em!"

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All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25 cts. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 Pieces are yours.

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CATARRH

New and Curious Remedial Discovery That Never Fails to Give Immediate Results

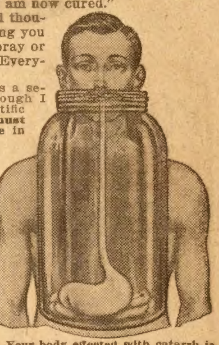
Here is a safe and easy method for getting at catarrh that invariably surprises chronic sufferers because of the immediate and pleasing effects it produces. There is no waiting for results. Just to cite an instance, take the experience of Mr. H. Elser, Lexington, Neb., who writes: "Dear Sam Katz: I received your catarrh treatment, and in two days my catarrh was gone. I am now cured."

The Sam Katz method which this gentleman and thousands of others have used, is different from any thing you have ever known of. There is nothing to smoke, spray or inject; no salves, creams, vibration or massage. Everything about it is natural and healthful.

The exact remedial combination of this method is a secret known only to myself and my associates, although I will say this much: it is based on the modern scientific discovery that the disease germs causing catarrh **must be destroyed and dislodged from the infected tissue** in order to effect a radical and permanent cure.

Banish Your Catarrh Restore Your Health and Organic Vitality

Catarrh, as you know, gradually works downward from the nose, throat and head, through the entire system, doing damage everywhere. Headaches, dizziness, deafness, head noises, confused thoughts, impairment of the memory, weakened vision, sore eyes, boils, nervousness, general languor, rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder disorders, weaknesses of the vital organs and many other maladies and ills may, any or all, be due to the ravages of the disease we call catarrh. Once cleanse your system of the deadly catarrh germ, a task that my method is purposed to accomplish, and your entire organism responds, giving you a new sense of vital vigor and renewed health. As Nancy A. Davis of Waynesboro, Miss., writes me: "Since taking the Sam Katz method I feel like a new woman. I think your catarrh treatment is worth its weight in gold."



Your body effected with catarrh is like this jar of molded fruit. You can't get rid of the scum by scraping it off. The cause must be removed.

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Don't send any money, not even a stamp, but simply your name and address on a postal or in a letter, and I will arrange to forward to you, postpaid, a trial box of the Sam Katz Catarrh Materials, the same that I have sent to tens of thousands all over the world. There will be enough of the Materials for a fifteen days' test, after which you may go on with the full Course if you so decide.

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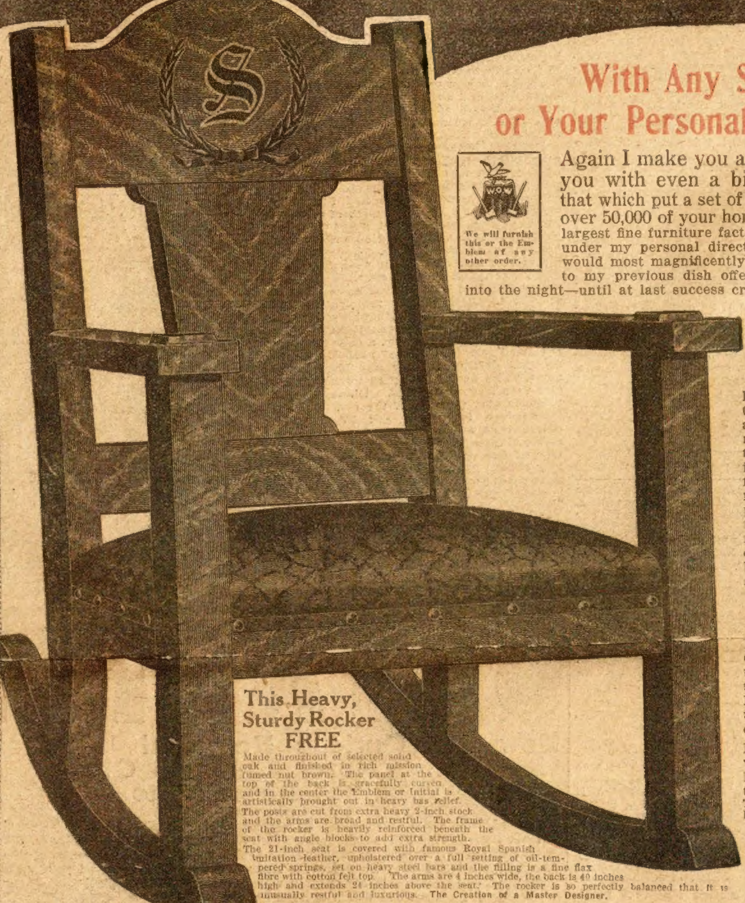

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At Last We Have It

The Most Wonderful Creation in Fine Furniture Making

Look at the picture. But no, the picture gives not the faintest suggestion of the wonderful beauty and elegance of this chair. You must see it to realize how this master designer, working with the most delicate engraving tools and with infinite pains, has created this his masterpiece—all for You. Here is a massive yet perfectly designed rocker. The simple lines charm with their simplicity; the exquisite upholstery and fumed oak finish harmonize with the most exclusive appointments. And, in addition, the Emblem of your order or your personal Initial appears in all its beauty, adding to the value—handsome and exclusive as an heirloom.

You Can Get It FREE

I am the sole manufacturer of Kibler's All 'Round Oil, which the people of the nation have christened "The Oil of a Thousand Uses." Today it is the National Standby in over two million homes. My ambition is to make it a household word in twenty million homes; hence these marvelous offers which I make to you each year.

Now, can't you see why I give you such wonderful values in premiums, such as no other premium house can even afford to think about? I want you to help me distribute my oil to these homes. Through dozens of page advertisements the demand has been created—the people are waiting for it.

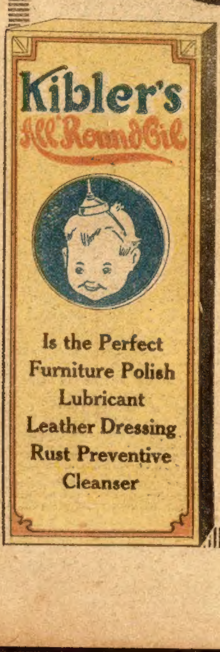
Now, in order to earn this beautiful premium chair I simply ask that you distribute 24 large bottles (holding three times as much as our former 25-cent size) for which you collect 50 cents each. Return the $12.00 and the Emblem or Initial Chair is yours.

This Heavy, Sturdy Rocker FREE

Made throughout of selected solid oak and finished in rich mission fumed nut brown. The panel at the top of the back is gracefully curved and in the center the Emblem or Initial is artistically brought out in heavy bas relief. The posts are cut from extra heavy 2-inch stock and the arms are broad and restful. The frame of the rocker is heavily reinforced beneath the seat with angle blocks to add extra strength. The 21-inch seat is covered with famous Royal Spanish imitation leather, upholstered over a full setting of oil-tempered springs, set on heavy steel bars and the filling is a fine flax fibre with cotton felt top. The arms are 4 inches wide, the back is 40 inches high and extends 24 inches above the seat. The rocker is so perfectly balanced that it is unusually restful and luxurious. **The Creation of a Master Designer.**

No Money in Advance—I Guarantee Your Sales

I've told you that my oil is easy to sell. I back up my opinion by sending you the oil without any money in advance. Further, I agree to take it back at my expense if for any reason you can't sell it, and pay you well for what you do sell. I assume all the risk. Can anything be fairer?



You Must Act Quick This is the first full page advertisement of this offer. Previously, however, I presented the proposition to a few of my friends here in Indianapolis. All with one accord pronounced it the most remarkable rocker offer which has ever come to their attention, and some of them now have this chair in their homes. Therefore, basing my opinion on their verdict, I predict an enormous demand for these chairs and I have placed an order large enough, in my opinion, to take care of the initial demand. And I can say to all who act now that I can guarantee each and every one a chair.

However, in view of the unsettled conditions in the furniture industry, it may be impossible to secure any duplicate orders. Or at best I may be able to get them only at a greatly increased price. Therefore I would suggest that all who desire to obtain one of these Emblem or Initial rockers must send in their orders at once. To all such I guarantee to reserve a chair. These chairs are made right here in Indianapolis and there will be no delay in shipping. I guarantee safe delivery.

Act now. Fill in and sign the coupon at the right and be the first to own one of these beautiful chairs.

With a little easy, pleasant work you can get this beautiful chair and give it to your father or mother with their initial on it. If grandma ever sits in this chair once she will never give you a chance to use it yourself.

Kibler's All 'Round Oil

The Oil of a Thousand Uses

It's known and used today in thousands of homes. It cleans, polishes, lubricates and preserves. Sells like lightning and works like magic. Every home needs it and wants it. Each large 12-oz. bottle of this wonderful oil is packed in a handsome four-color carton, making a very attractive appearance. All bottles are packed securely and guaranteed against breakage.

Kibler
President
THE KIBLER COMPANY
Dept. G-4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Send No Money

Just Sign and Send This Coupon

NOTE—Readers of this paper: This is a special offer to you and to members of your family, men, women or children. If under 21 years, please have coupon signed by parent.

THE KIBLER COMPANY
Indianapolis, Ind., Dept. G-4

I have read your liberal offer. Send me the oil with enough free bottles to cover express charges. I will sell the oil at 50 cents a bottle and remit the $12.00 to you, upon receipt of which you will ship me at once the rocker shown and described above. It is understood that if for any reason I am unable to sell the oil, I can return it.

Name ....

P. O. Address—Town ....

R. F. D. .... State ....

Nearest Express Office ....